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A Story of Travel.

CAPE HORN.

Page 51.

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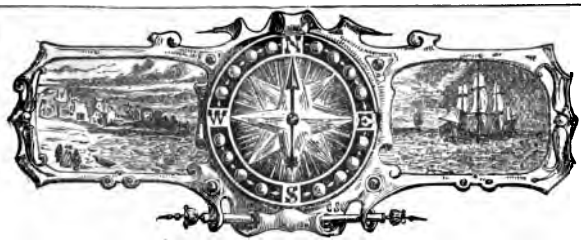

ROUND THE WORLD:

A STORY OF TRAVEL COMPILED FROM THE NARRATIVE OF IDA PFEIFFER.

By

D. MURRAY SMITH,
Author of "Karl-of-the-Locket and his Three Wishes."

LONDON:
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PREFACE

IN some respects Madame Ida Pfeiffer was one of the most remarkable women of modern times. Moved by a desire for travel, which was by no means the evidence of vulgar curiosity, but rather of large-hearted interest in her race, she commenced her journeys at a comparatively advanced age; and before her eventful life was brought to a close, she had crossed and recrossed the surface of the globe. The journals of her wanderings derive their interest mainly from the circumstances, that, from her habit of unusually keen observation, she was enabled to place upon permanent record all that was striking and special in the appearance of the countries she traversed, and in the modes of life and thought of the peoples among whom she sojourned; and that, from the fact of her having performed many of her journeys without escort or protection of any kind, her progress was ever beset with danger, and varied and enlivened by adventure. The singular intrepidity which she displayed in all times of peril, whether from the

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elements or from the hostility of savage tribes, affords a brilliant example of that courage which has its basis, not in inconsiderate hardihood, but in perfect self-command, and in trust in the wisdom and justice of Providence. Throughout her whole career she was ever guided by motives of philanthropy, and her death was directly due to the hardships she had suffered in endeavouring to establish sympathy and friendly alliance between all nations of the world. For these reasons, chiefly, it has been considered that the labour expended upon the following pages—which pretend to be little more than a condensed version of one of Madame Pfeiffer's most popular works—has not been expended unworthily. The compiler has only to add that his little volume contains all that is most attractive in Madame Pfeiffer's larger work;—that he has condensed the details of that work, and has added here and there such fresh statistical facts as the changes of time since his author's travels were first published have rendered necessary.

D. M. S.

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ROUND THE WORLD.

CHAPTER I.

LEAVING EUROPE.

MADAME IDA PFEIFFER, whose travels round the world, often alone and without a guide, have rendered her name famous, was born at Vienna, October 15, 1797. At the age of twenty-three she married Herr Pfeiffer, an advocate (her maiden name was Reyer); and in 1842, being then forty-five years of age, she found herself in a position to gratify her life-long desire for travel and adventure, and set out upon the first of her journeys—an expedition to the Holy Land. In this undertaking she showed conspicuously the resolute and fearless disposition for which all her life she had been remarkable; for she travelled through European Turkey, Asiatic Turkey, Palestine, and Egypt, without protection. In 1846 she commenced the important expedition of which she has given us an

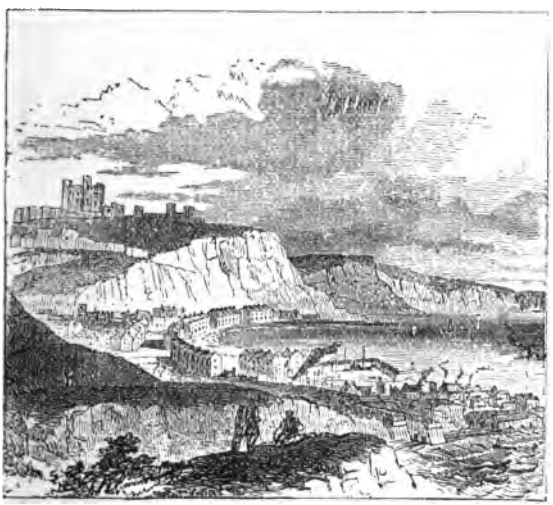
account in "A Woman's Journey Round the World." A second journey round the world, but by a different route, was undertaken in 1851. Still eager for travel, she went in 1856 to visit Madagascar; from which, after being compelled to submit to extreme hardships, she escaped, and returned to Vienna. But her sufferings had undermined her health, and she died, October 28, 1858.

In the following pages, "A Woman's Journey Round the World"—with the exception of such portions of it as are not of general interest—is reproduced.

On the evening of the 28th May 1846, Madame Ida Pfeiffer embarked at Hamburg on board the Danish brig *Caroline*, Captain Bock, bound for Rio Janeiro. There were in all eight passengers; and of these there were,—in the cabin, Madame Pfeiffer, her friend Count Berchthold, and two young people, who hoped to make their fortunes sooner in Brazil than in Europe; and in the steerage, two tradesmen, a mother, who was going to join her son, and a married woman going to join her husband in Rio Janeiro.

The voyage down the Elbe was exceedingly tedious. The anchor had been lifted before daybreak on the 29th June, and it was not till the 5th July that the mouth of the river was reached. From the 5th to the 10th stormy weather prevailed. On

the 11th Madame Pfeiffer found herself in the Straits of Dover, contemplating what were then the two mightiest powers in Europe. The *Caroline* was confined to the Channel for fourteen days by adverse winds. One night, after a storm of considerable violence, Madame Pfeiffer was suddenly called upon



DOVER CASTLE.

deck, and, imagining that some misfortune had happened, hastily dressed and went up. But she had been called only that she might enjoy the astonishing spectacle of a "sea-fire." The wake of the vessel gave forth a light strong enough to read by, and every wave as it rose seemed to throw out

sparks of fire. The *Caroline* passed and repassed Eddystone Light-house; and its height, boldness,

EDDYSTONE LIGHT-HOUSE.

strength, and grace, as it rises from its reef of rock in the form of the trunk of an oak-tree, excited our traveller's admiration.

The little Danish brig got out to the open sea on the 24th July, and on the 2nd August she was lying off Gibraltar. Here the vessel was becalmed

for a day; but after that time she resumed her course, sailing slowly along the coast of Morocco. On the morning of the 5th August the Island of Porto Santo, twenty-three miles from Madeira, was sighted; and on the 7th the Canaries, unseen on account of a fog, were left behind. The night between the 9th and 10th August was the first Madame Pfeiffer spent in the tropics. Here she first experienced the quick transition from day to night, which in those latitudes are separated only by a brief half-hour of twilight. Passing the Cape Verd Islands, our traveller was much amused by watching the flying-fish, which, rising in flocks, dart through the air on their wing-like fins a distance of from one hundred to two hundred feet, then, dipping beneath the waves for a moment, spring up again for another flight. It was formerly supposed that flying-fish were forced to spring out of the sea in order to escape the tunny-fish and dolphins that prey upon them; but it is now generally believed that they often exercise their power of flying through the air merely from delight in the exercise, and from an exuberance of playfulness. Flying-fish are difficult to catch; but, as they often fall on the deck of a passing vessel, and have not sufficient strength to raise themselves from the flooring, specimens are easily secured upon a voyage.

On August 15th the *Caroline* lay directly beneath the sun; and the sunbeams fell so perpendicularly that every object was perfectly shadowless. Heavy

rain fell on the 20th August; the deck immediately became like a lake, and when Madame Pfeiffer went to her berth that night she found her bed-clothes drenched through and through, and was fain to content herself with a wooden bench for a couch.

On the 27th August the *Caroline* came within the influence of the south-east trade-wind, and was borne by it swiftly south toward the Equator. The voyagers were now anxious to behold the wondrous constellations of the southern hemisphere. The famous Southern Cross interested Madame Pfeiffer most; but though the sky was clear, though Venus shone so brilliantly that her light made a silver furrow across the waters, the Southern Cross was not at first to be seen; for neither the captain nor the first mate (who must surely have been very prosy people) had ever heard a word about it. At length, however, the constellation was found out; but, as usual, Madame Pfeiffer had heard so much about it, that when she looked up at it at last, she did so without the slightest enthusiasm. In other circumstances the feeling would have been different.

The *Caroline* crossed "the Line" at ten o'clock on the night of the 29th of August; and this event, which in former times was the occasion of much rude practical joking, was celebrated in a quiet, rational way. Mutual congratulations and hand-shaking all round were first indulged in; and afterwards, when one of the passengers, Count Berchthold, we presume, brought out several bottles of champagne, and filled

up bumpers for every one, the welfare of the southern hemisphere was drunk with huzzas.

In the early part of September—the *Caroline* being in from 10° to 20° south latitude—violent irregular winds called *vamperos* prevailed. One of these, registered in the log as a "stiffish breeze," carried away a sail; another, set down as a "storm," cost the brig two sails. During the storm Madame Pfeiffer never lost her courage, and all the complaints she makes are that the seas were running so high, and the vessel pitching so violently, that she had the greatest difficulty in steadying herself sufficiently to convey her food from her plate to her mouth; and that at night she had to pack herself tightly into her berth with cloaks and dresses, that she might not be rolled against the timbers and bruised black and blue.

On the morning of the 13th September our traveller was on deck by break of day, and was led by the helmsman to the side of the vessel and told to lean her head overboard and inhale the air. To her astonishment and delight she felt she was breathing the perfume of flowers! The unseen shore was far distant, but the wind had carried out to the voyagers the fragrance of the gardens of Brazil. Other tokens of the nearness of the land were now observable. The water was covered with innumerable dead butterflies and moths, that had been carried out to sea by the storm. Two birds exhausted with their long flight had taken refuge in the friendly yards;

and the gulls and albatrosses that flew and swam about the vessel, picking up such scraps of bread and meat as were thrown to them, told the travellers that land was near. One or two of the albatrosses were caught and placed upon the deck, from which they were unable to rise—doubtless because the deck interfered with the sweep of their long wings. One of the passengers wished an albatross killed that he might have it stuffed; but the sailors—among whom the old superstition is still entertained, that the killing of an albatross always brings dead calms—protested against it, and the birds were set free.

The mountains that guard the entrance to the Bay of Rio Janeiro were seen on the morning of the 16th September; and at two o'clock P.M. of the same day the *Caroline* entered the port, after having been at sea three months and a half, and running a distance of 8750 miles.

The scenery around the entrance of the Bay of Rio is at once remarkable, impressive, and beautiful. To the left of the entrance the singular mountain peak called from its shape the Sugar-loaf, rises sheer from the sea. Other peaks adjoining it are of similar shape, but are joined at the base; and taken together these fantastically-shaped elevations appear to rise from the sea like the fingers of a hand Looking through between these mountains Madame Pfeiffer beheld the most remarkably beautiful views. The entrance to the bay is about a mile in width,

RIO JANEIRO.

and the hills which rise from its shores are rendered formidable by fortifications. The harbour itself, or Bay of Rio, has been said, and apparently with justice, to be the most beautiful, secure, and spacious in the world. On its western shore, and about four miles from the entrance, stands Rio Janeiro,—the most important commercial city of South America. Our travellers remarked the chain of mountains which surrounded Rio; took note of Mount Corcovado (3000 feet high), situated three and a half miles from the city, and supplying it with water from its springs by a splendid aqueduct; and of the Organ Mountains, at the northern extremity of the bay,—which derive their name from their many gigantic peaks placed upright, one against another, like the pipes of an organ. The city itself, as seen from a short distance, was found to present a fascinating appearance. A number of green rounded hills impart to its general aspect the coolness and freshness which in these southern latitudes are so desirable. The eminences surrounding it are crowded with churches and monasteries; vessels of all nations throng the harbour; and, as Madame Pfeiffer gazes on the strange, foreign, and yet beautiful scene, she confesses that her pen is unequal to the task of describing it.

The *Caroline* now dropped her anchor in the New World, and Madame Pfeiffer, glad that her long voyage was over, lingered on the deck of her vessel till the lights were out in Rio, and till land and sea were swallowed up by the blackness of night.

CHAPTER II.

RIO JANEIRO AND THE INTERIOR OF BRAZIL.

ON the morning of the 17th September, the passengers of the *Caroline* landed in Rio, at a dirty, disgusting sort of square, called the Praya des Mineiros, in which a few dozen blacks, also dirty and disgusting, were squatted, and whose chief employment was to praise at the top of their voices the fruits and sweetmeats they had to sell. From this Praya Madame Pfeiffer proceeded to the principal street, the *Rua Direita*, a spacious thoroughfare, containing the Post Office, Custom-House, Exchange, and other important public edifices. The Imperial Palace, at the end of the *Rua Direita*, is a large plain building, without any architectural pretensions. Of the other streets of the city, Madame Pfeiffer found the *Rua Misericordia* and the *Rua Ouvidor* the most interesting. In these are the finest shops, including flower-shops, in which the most beautiful artificial flowers (made of birds' feathers, the scales of fishes, and the wings of beetles) are exposed for sale, and which are peculiar to Rio. Of the squares, the finest is the *Largo do*

Rocio, and the largest the *Campo de Santa Anna*, which might almost be called a park, and is surrounded by important public buildings, as the Town Hall, Palace of the Senate, National Museum, Opera House, &c. Madame Pfeiffer found that the houses were built in the ordinary European fashion, but were usually only a single story in height. Ugly little balconies hung from the walls, while clumsy wooden shutters closed up the windows, and effectually excluded the sunlight, so that almost total darkness prevailed in the rooms. The Brazilian ladies, who neither read nor work, find no inconvenience from having the light excluded from their rooms.

If Madame Pfeiffer found nothing in the appearance of the public buildings and dwelling-houses of Rio to give her pleasure, she discovered still less that was attractive in the appearance of the inhabitants. The people seen in the streets are almost all negroes, and an unusual number of them are deformed. It is only right, however, to state, that, after a residence of a few weeks in the capital of Brazil, our traveller, becoming accustomed to the appearance of the negroes and mulattoes, discovered among them many young people—females in most cases—remarkable for their pretty faces and handsome figures. It may here be remarked, that since the time of our traveller's visit to Rio, the appearance of this great southern sea-port has considerably changed. In the matter of cleanliness the city has vastly improved; the streets are now paved like those of the great European capitals,

there is an abundant supply of gas, the thoroughfares are traversed by omnibuses and all sorts of horse carriages, and railways branch off from the city into the interior.

All the dirty and hard work, in-doors or in the open air, is performed by the blacks; but many of these have learned trades, and as skilled workmen a number of them will compare favourably with the tradesmen of Europe. Blacks are seen in the most elegant shops: the men engaged mostly as tailors, shoemakers, and workers in tapestry and gold and silver wares; the women—handsomely dressed, cheerful creatures—as dressmakers and embroiderers.

At the time of Madame Pfeiffer's visit to Brazil, slavery was still in force in that country, though it has since been practically abolished. But the condition of the slaves was far from being so bad as might be imagined. They were not over-worked, they were well fed, generally well treated, and their misdemeanours were visited by punishments that could not be called severe. Among the slaves a curious custom prevailed here. When a slave had done anything for which he expected to be punished, he fled to some friend of his owner, and obtained a note praying for the remission of his punishment. The writer of such a letter had the title of "godfather" bestowed upon him, and it was considered an act of the greatest impoliteness in the owner not to comply with a "godfather's" request. In this way

Madame Pfeiffer became a godmother, and saved a slave from punishment.

Though the blacks in Rio are immensely more numerous than the whites, there is no danger in walking the streets at any hour of the day or night. The city is well lighted, and no black servant is allowed to be seen in the streets later than nine o'clock without a pass from his master, certifying that he is out on business. When caught out after nine o'clock, and without a pass, the slave is carried off to the House of Correction, where, after having his head shaved, he is kept confined until his master comes and buys his freedom by paying a sum about equal to from eight to ten shillings of our money.

The effect of heavy showers in Rio, as witnessed by Madame Pfeiffer, was quite ludicrous. There were no drains in the city, and the falling rain in a very short time converted every street into a regular stream, which it was impossible to pass on foot, and over which, if you required to cross it, you had to be carried by bare-legged negroes. During the continuance of such weather all intercourse ceased, the streets were deserted, pleasure parties were suspended; and more than all, the payment of bills of exchange was deferred.

The Brazilians are extremely fond of processions and festivals; and on all such occasions the splendour of the official uniforms, the profusion of gold embroidery and glittering epaulets, the number of beautifully set orders and decorations, unite to form

a spectacle which for gorgeousness cannot be approached, it is believed, at any European Court. Many of these spectacular displays are what are called religious festivals, and as the Roman Catholic is the national religion, the general love of display and splendid ceremonies for which the Brazilians are famous finds its gratification in the observance of those festivals, of which the pompous ceremonies of the Church of Rome form a chief element. On the occasion of the festival of All-souls' Day the chambers containing the catacombs in the churches are hung with black cloth, enriched with gold lace and other ornaments; and into these chambers women and young girls flock from an early hour in the morning till noon, to pray for the souls of the departed. The females are all dressed in mourning, and wear a black veil over their face; for no one is allowed to wear a bonnet at any festival of the Church. At these Church festivals there is always an overwhelming number of ladies; and it is generally and openly said that such gentlemen as are to be seen on such occasions are there for the express purpose of gazing at their fair townswomen.

On the 15th November, Madame Pfeiffer was present at a most brilliant public festival—the christening of the Imperial Princess—which took place in the chapel connected with the Palace. Before the procession began to move from the Palace, the court-yard of the chapel was occupied by a number of troops, and guards were distributed

throughout the corridors and the chapel itself. The military bands, which consist chiefly of negroes and mulattoes, and are always good, played a series of pleasing airs, frequently repeating the national anthem, which the late emperor, Pedro I., is said to have composed. At length, at four o'clock, the procession began to wend forth from the Imperial Palace. First came the court band, clothed in red velvet, followed by three heralds in the old costume of Spain—magnificently decorated hats with feathers, and black velvet suits. Then came the officers of the law, and the authorities of all ranks—court-chamberlains, physicians, senators, privy councillors, &c. And after the long line of important functionaries came the lord-steward of the princess, bearing the infant, who was then but three weeks old, upon a magnificent white cushion, edged with gold lace. Immediately behind the lord-steward came the emperor himself, then the nurse of the princess, and then the principal nobles and ladies of the court. On reaching the chapel, the emperor took the little princess in his arms and presented her to the people, —an act which at once delighted the multitude and showed the kindly disposition as well as the common sense of their ruler. The empress, with her ladies, had already arrived in the chapel, and the ceremony was at once proceeded with. The instant the royal infant was baptized, the event was announced to the whole city by salvos of artillery, volleys of musketry, and the discharge of rockets. Rockets and

other fireworks, of which the Brazilians are very fond, are discharged at every religious festival; but their effect is almost entirely lost, as the discharge takes place during the day. In the evening the city was illuminated, lanterns were hung out from private houses, and the public buildings were covered over with countless lamps, the general effect being as beautiful as it was strange.

The natural magnificence and luxuriance of the Brazils is perhaps not equalled in any other part of the world; and here one sees the working of nature in its greatest force, and in incessant activity. The whole year is one continual spring. But the charms of the climate of Brazil are over-rated, and Madame Pfeiffer did not find that what she had heard and read of the ever clear and sunny sky was true. The long, beautiful twilight, with which we are familiar in northern climates, is unknown here. After sunset, when every one hastens home, darkness and damp immediately follow. And though the beauty of spring lasts throughout the whole year, though there is continual verdure and bloom, one accustomed to a northern climate will miss the variety and interest which every returning autumn and winter bring with them.

Musquitoes, ants, and sand-fleas are a source of great and continual annoyance. A procession of ants is a remarkable sight. The little animals form a regular line—nothing can make them deviate from their course—they work through every obstacle.

Should their course lie through a house, the inhabitants must calmly wait until they pass, though the procession often lasts from four to six hours. These insects are most destructive to provisions, and the plan adopted to secure the victuals of a household from their ravages, is to place the articles upon tables the legs of which are made to stand in plates filled with water.

Madame Pfeiffer found, however, that the worst plague were the sand-fleas, which attach themselves to the soles of the feet, or, much more frequently, to the toes, underneath the nails, where they deposit their eggs. When a person feels an itching in his toes, the plan he generally adopts is to call in the first black he sees, who extracts the animal, eggs and all, and sprinkles a little snuff on the spot where it had taken up its abode.

The fruits grown in Brazil are delicious and of great variety. Sugar and coffee are important crops; but Madame Pfeiffer found that no corn or potatoes were grown, and that the substitutes used for these were inferior. The milk of the country she condemns as watery, and the meat as dry.

The most striking feature in the character of the Brazilian is his greed for gold. He does not assign even so much as pin-money to his wife; but he presents her with two or three blacks, according to his means, and allows her to do with them as she pleases. His wife is generally as fond of money as himself, and she makes her black people learn to cook, sew,

embroider, or work at a trade, and then hires them out to people who have no servants of their own; and, of course, draws the money which they earn by their work, and spends it as her tastes direct her. Under the new state of things brought about by the abolition of slavery, this system cannot be followed out in all its particulars, as it was at the time of Madame Pfeiffer's visit; but it is certain that the money-grasping spirit of the Brazilians is still as active as ever.

The immorality of the inhabitants of Rio is proverbial, and is mainly traceable to the fact that the training of the young is intrusted to negro servants, and *their* immorality is well known. Another, and perhaps the second cause of the low state of morality in this quarter of the world, is the entire want of a living spirit of religion amongst the Brazilians, who are thoroughly Roman Catholic as far as church-forms, festivals, &c., are concerned, but who are really without a religion. Murder is of frequent occurrence—so frequent that it has been said the only industry among the Brazilians of Rio is sugar-growing, mandioca-eating, and assassination. Madame Pfeiffer met not a few men in Rio who had committed several murders, either personally or by means of others, and yet not only enjoyed perfect liberty, but were received into good society! Even when the crime is discovered, no serious consequences follow, provided the murderer is rich; for the witnesses, the judge, and even the accuser, can be silenced by a bribe

CHAPTER III.

AROUND RIO AND INTO THE INTERIOR.

MADAME PFEIFFER made a number of excursions in the vicinity of Rio, and on every occasion the magnificence of the scenery, the denseness and solemn gloom of the forests, the beauty of the Bay of Rio (seventeen miles long by five in breadth), and the wonderful wealth of flowers, plants, and insects, secured her attention and admiration. She went, accompanied by Count Berchthold, to the Botanical Gardens, where she saw the clove, camphor, cocoa, cinnamon and tea trees; and also the "monkey's bread-fruit tree," with its enormous gourds weighing from ten to twenty-five pounds, and containing seeds which are eaten by men as well as by monkeys She made, in company with one or two German gentlemen, an excursion to Mount Corcovado in the height of the Brazilian midsummer (*i.e.*, November), passed the springs from which Rio is supplied with water, had pic-nic in the woods with a temperature of 117° in the sun, and at length reached the summit of the mountain, and thence obtained a panoramic view hardly to

be surpassed for magnificence in the world. The city and spacious bay of Rio, with the Organ Mountains at its northern extremity, and the rich romantic valley with the Botanical Gardens on its eastern side, lay before her; and the prospect was marked here and there with low hills and with virgin forests; dense with creepers and parasites, glittering with strange birds of brilliant plumage, and sparkling with fire-flies.

Our traveller made also an excursion to Persepolis, then an infant German colony, organized for the purpose of supplying Rio with fruits and vegetables; which in tropical climates thrive best in high situations. On this expedition Madame Pfeiffer was again accompanied by Count Berchthold. The two travellers went by water to Porto d'Estrella—a distance of over twenty miles, across a bay affording as picturesque views as the finest of the Swedish lakes. They thence journeyed by land and on foot to Persepolis, which is seven leagues inland. The rich tropical vegetation of the district through which they passed engaged their attention, as well as the graceful and delicate forms of the humming-birds, which fluttered like butterflies above the flowers from which they obtain their food.

As they travelled along the road they became aware that they were being followed closely by a negro. They had no fear of an attack, however, for the road was rendered comparatively safe by the number of mule-drivers and pedestrians who were continually

passing and repassing. But Madame Pfeiffer and her companion had no sooner arrived at a part of the road more than usually lonely when the black ruffian sprang suddenly forward, flourishing a long knife, and attacked the travellers, neither of whom was provided with weapons. At first they parried the savage's blows with the umbrellas they had with them to protect themselves from the sun. Madame Pfeiffer drew forth and opened a clasp-knife which she happened to have in her pocket, and prepared to strike on the first opportunity. The negro caught hold of her umbrella and wrenched it from her; but in the struggle he dropped his knife. The lady made a dash at it; but the negro, driving her off with his hands and feet, snatched it up, and brandishing it above her head, stabbed her twice on the left arm. Madame Pfeiffer then struck at the ruffian's breast with her clasp-knife, but only succeeded in wounding him severely in the hand; and at the same moment Count Berchthold seized him from behind—at the expense, however, of receiving a slash from the knife. The black, now more furious than ever, gnashing his teeth and flourishing his knife, prepared for another rush upon the Europeans, who had just begun to consider themselves lost, when, to their great joy, they heard the trampling of horses' hoofs, and beheld two horsemen riding toward them. The black then sprang into the woods and disappeared, but was in a few minutes afterwards captured. The horsemen, assisted by

two negroes, pinioned the ruffian; and as he would not walk, they thrashed him vigorously, most of the blows being dealt upon his skull, which Madame Pfeiffer wondered was not broken. He was conveyed to the nearest house; and there the travellers, after having their wounds dressed, left him. It appeared afterwards that the negro, previously to his making the attack, had been punished by his owner for some offence, and thirsting to avenge himself on the whites, thought this a good opportunity of satisfying his hatred with impunity.

It was with much interest that Madame Pfeiffer passed through the infant colony of Persepolis, containing as it did so many inhabitants who had come out to Brazil from Germany; and she was surprised and delighted to find among them the old woman who had been her fellow-voyager in the *Caroline*, and who had found the son she had come so far to seek, and had taken up house with him.

Madame Pfeiffer and Count Berchthold then returned to Rio, which they reached on the morning of the 30th September. Three days after, on the morning of the 2nd October, they again started in company, to penetrate into the interior of the country, and pay a visit to the aborigines of Brazil. They passed several sugar *fazendas*, or plantations, which resembled large country seats in their arrangements, and in some cases had chapels attached; and they were shown over a manioc plantation, and saw the manufacture of manioc flour, which supplies the

place of corn all over Brazil. The valuable part of the manioc plant is the bulbous root, weighing from two to three pounds. This root is washed, peeled, ground, and dried, after which it resembles a very coarse kind of flour, and is eaten wet after being made into a kind of porridge; or dry, when it is sprinkled in the form of flour over the plate at table.

As Madame Pfeiffer got further into the country, she found the woods become thicker and more luxuriant, and the creeping plants of the very highest beauty in form and colour. On the 4th October she arrived with her companion at the small town of Morroqueimado, eighty miles further inland. Here they had an interview with a certain Herr Beske, a German, who possessed collections of the quadrupeds, birds, serpents, &c., of the country, more extensive and curious than those in the museum of Rio. They also saw Herr Freeze, the proprietor of a large boarding-school, who had chosen this locality in preference to Rio on account of the coolness of its climate. Sixty boys attended his school, and each of them paid over £100 sterling a year.

The wound which Count Berchthold had received in his encounter with the negro a few days before had inflamed to such a degree that he was unable to proceed further; so he resolved to remain in the meantime at Morroqueimado. Madame Pfeiffer, however, could not leave unaccomplished the chief object for which she had set out—namely, to visit the

Indians; and having been informed that the country through which she meant to pass was not much more than usually dangerous, she at once procured a guide, provided herself with a double-barrelled pistol, and set out fearlessly upon her trip.

On this expedition she had frequent opportunities of witnessing burning forests, which had been set on fire for the purpose of clearing the ground for cultivation. Conflagrations of this kind never spread to any great extent in Brazil, as, from the rapidity with which vegetation springs, there is so much green wood. On one occasion her path led her between a burning forest on the one hand and a smouldering track on the other which had been burned over the day before. The intervening space was not more than fifty paces broad, and was completely enveloped in smoke. She heard the crackling of the fire, and perceived through the thick smoke forked columns of flame darting upwards toward the sky. Her guide, leading the way, put spurs to his mule, and dashed off along the border of the burning forest; and she, though in considerable trepidation, followed his example, urging her mule to his utmost speed. The smoke was suffocating, the heat most oppressive, and it was difficult to keep up the speed of the mules, the beasts finding it almost impossible to breathe. A few minutes of hard riding, however, brought our traveller out of danger.

The planters of the interior of Brazil are, strange to say, remarkable at once for courage and timidity.

Every one you meet on the road is armed with pistols and a long knife, as if the whole country were

FOREST ON FIRE.

overrun with robbers and murderers; and at the same time every one lives on his plantation, surrounded

on all sides by black labourers, without the slightest apprehension. The traveller sleeps in some small *venda* (inn) in the midst of thick woods, with neither shutters to the windows nor locks of sufficient strength on the doors. Madame Pfeiffer was alarmed when she found herself obliged to pass the night in a place of this kind; the gloom of the forest around her, her doors and windows in no fit state to offer resistance to an intruder, and the servants of the house sleeping at such a distance that no help could be looked for from them. On being told, however, that houses in that part of the country were never forcibly entered, her wonted resolution came to her aid, she lay down in peace, and enjoyed a night's tranquil repose.

Passing onward amid scenery of which narrow circumscribed valleys and mountains covered with endless forests were the chief features, Madame Pfeiffer reached Canto Gallo—a small town of about eighty houses—on the 7th October. Here she asked the landlady of her *venda* to be allowed to go through the kitchen and see how things were conducted in a Brazilian household. She found, however, that the landlady paid little or no attention to house affairs—that was her husband's business! The arrangements in the kitchen were of the most primitive description. A negress and two young negroes managed the cooking, and there was a separate fire burning for every dish: the salt was crushed with a bottle; the potatoes were mashed with the same instrument, and then squeezed in a frying-pan with a plate, to

give them the shape of a pancake. The fork in use was a pointed stick.

The route onward from Canto Gallo led through a magnificent virgin forest. The trees were interlaced, and formed the most beautiful arbours; creepers climbed the trunks and spread from tree to tree, hanging in curtains of blossom and flower of the richest colours and the most exquisite perfume; humming-birds flashed through the air overhead, parrots and paroquets swung themselves on the branches, and numberless birds of the gayest plumage flitted about from perch to perch. It seemed to Madame Pfeiffer that she was riding through some fairy grove, and she half expected to see sylphs and nymphs dance out towards her from the leaf-shaded recesses around!

Arrived at the *Fazenda do Boa Esperanza* (Plantation of Good Hope), where she was hospitably received, our traveller had an opportunity of inspecting the preparation of coffee-berries for the market. The coffee-tree attains a height of from six to twelve feet, bears fruit not earlier than the third year, and continues productive for ten years. The leaf is long and slightly serrated, the blossom white; the fruit, which is first green, then red and brown, and finally nearly black, resembles a long-shaped cherry, and hangs down in bunches like grapes. When the berry is red the outer shell is soft; it afterwards hardens until it resembles a little wooden case. When ripe the fruit is either picked off the tree by the hand

or shaken down—the latter being by far the less laborious, but also the less productive method. The berries are afterwards exposed to the sun, beaten with wooden hammers and separated from their hard husks, then placed in heated copper pans and thoroughly dried.

The labourers on the plantations in Brazil are assembled at sunrise and counted, then, after hearing prayers and having breakfast, they go to the fields to work. At sunset they are again assembled and counted, and after prayers they have supper, which usually consists of boiled beans, bacon, manioc flour, and *carna secca* or dried meat, which is obtained from Buenos Ayres, and consists of beef cut into long thin broad strips, salted and dried in the open air.

On the 9th of October Madame Pfeiffer arrived at Aldea do Pedro, a small village on the Parahiba, one hundred and sixty miles inland from Rio. She stayed at the priest's house, and next day being Sunday, she expected to be much interested by seeing the country-people come to mass. To a certain extent she was disappointed, for only about thirty people assembled. The men were dressed in European fashion, the women wore long cloaks with collars, and had white handkerchiefs tied around their heads and partly falling over their faces, and both men and women were barefooted. The women removed their white head-gear in church. Our traveller had the good fortune to witness a christen-

ing and a burial on this occasion. The ceremony of baptism was hurried over in the most careless manner; and the boy baptized—a lad of fourteen—seemed as little affected by the whole affair as a new-born infant. The burial was performed irreverently; for the grave was found to be too small, and had to be enlarged, which was only done with much unwillingness, and amid an unceasing volley of oaths.

Madame Pfeiffer then set out with a guide provided by the priest, and, after riding twelve miles further into the interior of the country, arrived at the last settlement of the whites, and found herself in the midst of savage life. There was only one house at this settlement, and a number of huts. The house was divided into four rooms, and in each room a white family resided: the huts were occupied by blacks. In the court-yard was an immense number of fowls—ducks and geese, some very fat pigs, and some horribly ugly dogs. Whites, Puris (the aborigines of Brazil), and Negroes, were seen squatted under palm and tamarind trees, most of them engaged in satisfying their hunger. Some of the whites had broken basins or pumpkin gourds before them, and in these they kneaded up boiled beans and manioc flour with their hands, and devoured the disgusting-looking mess with avidity. Others were eating meat, which they tore into mouthfuls with their hands, throwing the bits into their mouths alternately with quantities of manioc flour. Con-

tinual warfare was going on among the children, who had to defend their dinners from the attacks of hens, dogs, and young pigs. Among these settlers Madame Pfeiffer passed the night, sleeping on a straw mat in the shelter of the court-yard, and receiving the attentions of the kind people, who brought her roast-fowl, rice, hard eggs, oranges, and tamarinds for supper.

Next day she proceeded into the forest to visit the native Indians; and when, after eight hours' walking, she came among their huts, she beheld a scene which, for wretchedness and poverty, surpassed everything she had seen in all her travels. There were five huts, or rather sheds, quite exposed on all sides but one, and roofed with palm-leaves, which afforded no protection whatever from the rain. In the interior of one of these hung a hammock or two. A small fire glimmered on the ground under a heap of hot ashes, in which some Indian corn and a few roots and bananas were roasting. In one corner a small supply of provisions was heaped up; gourds, used by the savages instead of plates, pots, water-jugs, &c., were scattered around; and a number of bows and arrows, the only weapons which these Indians possess, were leaning against the shed.

The people themselves were remarkably ugly. They are about the middle size, though they look stunted; are well-built, and are of a light bronze complexion. Their faces are broad, and have a compressed look; their hair is thick, coal-black, and

PAMPAS AND PAMPEANS.

hangs straight down; the forehead is low and broad; the nose some what flattened; the eyes long and narrow, resembling those of the Chinese; the mouth large; and the lips rather thick. The general expression is a stupid one—partly owing to the habit which prevails among these people of keeping their mouths continually open. Both men and women were tattooed in red or blue round the mouth only, in the form of a moustache. Both sexes are passionately fond of smoking, and prefer brandy to everything else in the world. Their dress consisted of a few rags fastened round their middle.

The number of Brazilian Indians is estimated at 500,000. They live in the forests of the country, but are never massed in great numbers. Six or seven families are generally found in one place, and they remain there until all the game in the vicinity has been killed, and all the fruits and roots have been consumed, after which they remove to another locality.

Great numbers of them have been christened, and a Brazilian Indian is always ready to undergo the ceremony of baptism for a little brandy or a handful of tobacco. The Roman Catholic priests, by whom baptism is administered in these wilds, believe that they have only to perform this rite in order to gain another soul for heaven, and afterwards they give themselves very little concern about the manners or morals of their so-called converts. Though these Indians are christened they are not Christianized, and they continue to live in the same heathen manner as

formerly, and never discontinue the savage customs of their tribes.

Their language is exceedingly poor, and they are obliged to use signs to express their more particular meaning.

They have a wonderfully keen sense of smell, and on this account their assistance is often sought in tracking runaway negroes. They are said to be able to smell the trace of a fugitive on the leaves of the trees, and they hardly ever fail in hunting down the man whom they are sent to find. Settlers often employ them in felling timber and cultivating Indian corn, manioc, &c.; and as they work hard, and are content with a little brandy or tobacco or a small piece of coloured cloth as payment, they make good servants.

After examining the huts, Madame Pfeiffer went forth with a number of the savages to shoot parrots and monkeys, and she had an opportunity of seeing with what amazing skill the Indians use the bow and arrow. They brought down birds on the wing, and very seldom missed their mark. A monkey and several parrots were shot, and on returning to the huts the Indians stuck them on wooden spits and roasted them before the fire. They then gathered a number of fresh leaves from the trees, tore the roasted monkey into several pieces with their hands, placed a large piece, together with a parrot, some Indian corn and a few roots, upon the leaves, and presented the dainties to their visitor. The

lady's appetite was tremendous, and she at once fell to upon the roasted monkey, which she found more delicious than any meat she had ever tasted. The parrot she found to be not nearly so tender and palatable.

The Indians then amused their guest with dances round a large fire which they kindled, and added the additional entertainment of a horrible noise, which was intended for a song. The first dance was called the dance of peace or joy; then came the war-dance—the men snatching up their bows, placing the arrows on the string, and going through the pantomime of shooting, while at the same time they filled the air with piercing war-cries. Madame Pfeiffer was terribly frightened with the fierce looks, the yells, and the threatening attitudes and weapons of the Indians, and for the moment she believed herself in the hands of wild, enraged enemies, and gave herself up for lost.

Afterwards our traveller lay down on the ground upon her cloak, rested her head upon a wooden pillow, and was soon sound asleep.

Before leaving the forest and its kind though uncivilized inhabitants, Madame Pfeiffer presented her entertainers with several bronze ornaments; with which they were so much delighted that they offered her everything they possessed. She accepted a bow and two arrows, and set out on her return journey. She joined Count Berchthold at Morroqueimado, where she had left him, and on the 18th October the travellers arrived again at Rio Janeiro.

CHAPTER IV.

ROUND THE CAPE TO VALPARAISO.

OCCASIONALLY Madame Pfeiffer had to pay heavy penalty for her inconsiderate readiness to trust in the promise of others. She believed in all people, even ship captains. She paid twenty-five pounds to Captain Bell, of the English barque *John Renwick*, as passage-money round the Cape to Valparaiso, on the conditions that the barque should set sail on the 25th November, and should touch at no intermediate port on the voyage, but make direct for the great seaport of Chili. But neither of these conditions was observed. The vessel was fourteen days late in starting, and she was only five days at sea when she put in to the port of Santos to buy provisions, which could be had cheaper here than at Rio, and to clear out a cargo of coal and take in one of sugar.

Besides Madame Pfeiffer, there were eight passengers on board—five Frenchmen, one Belgian, and two Milanese. The passengers were soon upon the best terms with each other; and as the *John Renwick* was the most comfortable vessel in which our

traveller had ever sailed—its cabins being large and comfortable, its captain obliging and good-natured, though slightly given to deceit, and the bill of fare abounding in good things—the voyage promised to be an agreeable one. Every day the cabin passengers feasted on roast or stewed fowls (ducks or geese), fresh mutton or pork, eggs variously prepared, plum-pudding or tarts: there were side-dishes of ham, rice, potatoes, and other vegetables; and the dessert consisted of dried fruits, nuts, almonds, cheese, &c. The bread was fresh-baked every day, and the wine was of a good quality.

Arrived at Santos, Madame Pfeiffer, together with one of the Frenchmen and the two Italians, hired mules, armed themselves with double-barrelled pistols, and set out on the morning of the 15th December on an excursion to St. Paul's, the largest town in this quarter of Brazil, and situated forty miles inland from Santos. Danger was apprehended from the Maroon or runaway negroes, who, to the number of about a hundred, were at that time lurking among the mountains, and living by plunder; but the travellers reached St. Paul's in safety, examined the few curiosities that were there to be seen, and arrived in Santos again on the 18th. One of the party, the Frenchman, was dreadfully fatigued after the journey. He was afraid of becoming seriously unwell, and asserted, with rueful earnestness, that he never would accompany Madame Pfeiffer upon another of her excursions. This gentleman had plenty of time

for rest and recovery; for the *John Renwick*, instead of setting sail at once, as was expected, remained in the Bay of Santos for three weeks.

While lying at anchor here, one evening a vessel, which the captain affirmed to be a slaver, was run into the bay and anchored. The night was clear, and the passengers of the *John Renwick* saw the slaver's boats, filled with negroes, pulling to the shore. All night the small boats came and went, until the whole cargo of negroes was landed. Captain Bell afterwards learned that the number of slaves disembarked from this vessel was six hundred and seventy.

The *John Renwick* continued to hold on its south-south-west course, along the east coast of South America, creeping onward in the direction of Cape Horn. Madame Pfeiffer and her companions had celebrated New-Year's Day 1847 while their vessel still lay in the Bay of Santos; and it was now the 9th January, and the barque was only off the shore of the Brazilian province of Rio Grande. In the evening a violent storm was expected, and the captain, consulting the barometer almost every second, issued his orders according to what the instrument indicated. Black clouds were driving over the vessel; the wind strengthened greatly, though the hurricane had not yet broken upon them. The hatchways were all battened down, in momentary expectation of the seas which the tempest would send tumbling over the vessel's bulwarks, and the sailors stood by ready to reef the sails at a moment's

notice. At a little past eight o'clock the hurricane fairly broke over the vessel. The lightning, in quick flashes, darted across the sky from side to side, and its gleam revealed the sailors at their work, and

A STORM IN THE ATLANTIC.

lit up the great waves with dazzling brilliancy. The awful rolling of the thunder filled the whole sky, and when for a moment there was a pause between the peals, the voice of the captain was heard shouting

his orders to the men. The white waves dashed over the deck with terrific force and noise, and had it not been that the crew held on firmly by the ropes when the seas broke over the ship, they would most certainly have been swept overboard.

On all dreadful occasions such as this—in all seasons of danger, when she felt more directly than at other times that her preservation depended upon the Almighty alone, Madame Pfeiffer was upheld by her trust in God. In the midst of tempests, a feeling of tranquil joy took possession of her spirit. She was brave, resolute, and calm in all situations of danger, and was not afraid to die. When at sea in a storm, she often had herself lashed to the binnacle, or box on a ship's deck which covers the compass, and allowed the waves to break over her! In this way she observed all the features of the scene, watched the tempest working itself out;—at the expense, however, of being frequently dashed to the deck, as well as of being half-choked and thoroughly drenched by each of the great seas which the vessel shipped. On no such occasion did she ever feel alarmed,—she was always confident and resigned.

In the course of four hours the tempest passed over, and the *John Renwick* held on toward the south, passing the mouth of the Rio de la Plata (latitude about 35° south), where the temperature was perceptibly cooler. In those latitudes the constellation of the Southern Cross shone with great brilliancy and beauty. On the 23rd January the

barque was sailing along the shores of Patagonia, and so near that the outline of the coast could distinctly be made out. On the 3rd February the vessel reached the southernmost point of America, and began to round Cape Horn. The extreme point

CAPE HORN.

of this headland is 600 feet high. Here the Atlantic Ocean was left behind, and the vessel entered the Pacific. Violent storms prevailed, however, for a time; the top-mast was broken off, and had to be replaced, although a heavy sea was surging around. At this time the vessel was tossed about so much

that the passengers found it impossible to take their meals at the table, and were obliged to squat upon the cabin floor and take their plates in their hands.

The western entrance to the Strait of Magellan was made after battling with winds and waves for fourteen days. For a few days after this time good weather prevailed, and the passengers were delighted to think that the Pacific (*i.e.* Peaceful) Ocean was really worthy of its name. But this ocean is peaceful only in certain quarters, where, owing to special causes, tempests seldom occur; and along the west coast of Patagonia the climate is bleak and inhospitable, and violent winds prevail. While in this region a storm, which lasted for twenty-four hours, overtook the barque. The tremendous waves broke with such fury over it, that they tore up one of the planks of the deck, and the water rushed in upon the cargo of sugar that had been shipped at Santos. The deck itself was like a lake; no fire could be lighted; and Madame Pfeiffer had to content herself with bread and cheese and raw ham, which she found difficulty in conveying to her mouth as she sat on the floor. But she had eaten roasted monkey in a Brazilian wilderness, and she took her raw ham with good humour. This storm, however, considerably damaged the vessel. Four sails had been carried away, part of the deck had been torn up, and the oil-barrel which supplied the lamps of the vessel was wrenched from its fastenings and broken in pieces. By the greatest good fortune, however, a small

quantity of oil was saved, and it was carefully set apart for the purpose of supplying light for the compass at night. Without this light a fatal mistake would most probably have happened in navigating the ship, as the steersman would have been unable to decide which way he ought to steer.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 2nd March the *John Renwick* ran into the harbour of Valparaiso.

Madame Pfeiffer found the appearance of Valparaiso less interesting on the occasion of her visit than a traveller visiting that city at the present day would find it. It is built on a narrow strip of land, backed by somewhat dreary-looking hills, at the head of the Bay of Valparaiso. The bay is crowded with vessels of all nations, and has always a picturesque appearance. The houses of the city are built in the European fashion, but have flat roofs, are gaily painted, and are provided with balconies. The drawing-rooms are furnished in the most costly style, and are richly decorated. Heavy carpets cover the floors, rich tapestry hangs from the walls, the furniture and mirrors are sent out from Europe, and the tables are strewn with albums full of artistically executed engravings, &c. The streets are narrow, but well paved, and are traversed continually by omnibuses and cabriolets of a peculiar shape; and also by a great number of donkeys employed in carrying water and provisions.

The lower classes of the Chilians have a yellowish-

brown complexion, thick black hair, unpleasant features, and a most repulsive cast of countenance. Their appearance is so much against them, that a stranger is inclined to set them down as a race of robbers and pickpockets at the least. Madame Pfeiffer regarded them as no better than that, and on becoming more thoroughly acquainted with them she saw no reason to change her opinion.

She frequently met with bands of convicts, whom the Government made use of by making them labour upon the public works. She observed, also, that the houses of Valparaiso were elaborately secured by numerous bolts and locks; which was evidence sufficient that here housebreaking occurred frequently. Mounted patrols traversed the city in every direction; and people returning from theatres, concerts, &c., late at night, were in the habit of placing themselves under their protection. Housebreaking was punishable with death. All these facts tended to show that crime was common in this seaport.

Madame Pfeiffer's estimate of the character of Valparaiso society was not flattering to the Chilians; and she relates the following tragic event, which occurred during her stay here, as a corroboration of what she says under this head:—

A convict, sentenced to hard labour on the public works, bribed his jailer by giving him an ounce of gold (about £3, 12s.), to give him an opportunity of escape. The jailer took the bribe, and it was arranged that next day the convict should not be

chained to a companion, as is generally the case, but should be allowed to walk alone, and thus have a chance of getting clear off; which the lonely character of the spot in which the convicts worked rendered comparatively easy. As the convict was walking away, the treacherous jailer fired at him, and killed him on the spot. It was not known whether this murderous wretch had from the beginning intended to fire at the man who had given him the bribe, but it was suspected that he had.

The dress of the Chilians is like that of Europeans —the chief difference being that among the men the poncho is usually worn instead of a coat. The poncho is made up of two pieces of cloth or merino, each about one ell broad and two ells long. These pieces are sewn together, with the exception of an opening in the middle for the head. This garment is made of all colours, and is often embroidered round the border.

The huts of the poor people Madame Pfeiffer found to be miserable. They were built for the most part of clay and wood, and had a tumble-down appearance. The interiors of these dwellings, however, were almost always comfortable, and frequently neat and tasteful. The lower classes frequent eating-houses, where they sit at a rude, dirty table, and not only all eat out of one dish, but everything is served to them in that one dish! Beans, rice, potatoes, roast beef, apples, and onions come to the table in one enormous plate. In the evening dancing is

vigorously kept up to the music of a guitar. The national dances are said to be most unbecoming—equally ungraceful and indelicate.

When a child dies here, it is the custom to speak of it as the *angelito* (little angel), to dress the body in its finest clothes, to open its eyes, to paint its cheeks, to crown it with flowers, and to place it on a sort of throne in a niche ornamented with flowers. Then the relatives and friends and neighbours come in, and wish the parents joy of possessing such a little angel; after which the whole company join in wild dances and in drinking, in which they continue during the whole of the first night.

The country in the vicinity, and indeed the greater part of the west coast country of South America, is remarkable for the quantity of silver found among the mountains. The discoverer of a mine has a full right to the propriety of his discovery, and is required to do no more than inform Government of the mine which he claims. Some years ago a donkey-driver was pursuing his business among the mountains, when one of his asses ran away. The driver, lifting a stone, was about to throw it at the animal, when he stumbled and fell. He rose in wrath, snatched up what seemed another stone, and was in the act of raising his arm to throw it, when he was struck by its uncommon weight. He looked at it, and found that it was streaked with veins of pure silver. He pocketed the stone, marked the spot where he had found it, and drove his asses home, without, so far as we can learn, inflicting

any punishment upon the animal that had been the occasion of his picking up the treasure. He announced his discovery to a friend who was a miner; and, returning together to the spot, they examined it, and found that the soil was full of the precious metal. The next step was to find capital to work the deposit; and this they obtained by taking the miner's employer into partnership with them. In a few years all three were rich men.

CHAPTER V.

TO TAHITI AND CANTON.

ON the 18th March 1847 Madame Pfeiffer sailed from Valparaiso for Tahiti, the principal of the Society Islands, in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, and about half way between the continents of America and Asia. Her voyage from Hamburg to Rio had been made in the Danish brig *Caroline;* she sailed from Rio to Valparaiso in the English barque *John Renwick;* and now she embarked in the Dutch barque *Lootpuit,* Captain Jurianse, bound for China. The *Lootpuit* was a fine strong vessel, quite remarkable for its cleanness. The food was good, though onions, the delight of the Dutch palate, were too abundant; and Madame Pfeiffer was delighted when a large quantity of this rather strong delicacy became unfit for use during the voyage. The captain was polite and kind; the mates and sailors civil and obliging.

For a month the *Lootpuit* held on her way without interruption across an ocean as calm as a canal, with only a monotonous prospect of sea and sky; which, as it never exhibited much variety,

became, after a time, rather tiresome. On the 19th April the Archipelago of the Society Islands was reached; and after a thunderstorm on the 22nd,

TAHITI.

during which flashes of lightning frequently played around the mast-heads, the barque reached the entrance of Papiete, the harbour of Tahiti, or Otaheite.

As soon as the vessel entered the harbour it was surrounded by a number of native boats, called piroques. Immediately a swarm of Indians had climbed up upon deck, and were offering their fruits and shell-fish for sale to the Europeans. In former times they used to exchange these articles for red rags or glass beads, and a whole basket of fruit could be obtained for a penknife. Now, however, the natives know better. They have been taught the value of money, and they were as grasping and cunning, and drove as hard bargains, as the most commercial people of Europe.

Tahiti was taken by the French in 1844. The native ruler still enjoys nominal authority, but all possessions are under the protection and control of France; so that the Society Islands may be considered as simply a French colonial possession. On the occasion of Madame Pfeiffer's visit the chief island was full of French troops, and several French men-of-war were lying at anchor in the port. The natives dwelt in small wooden houses skirting the harbour and separated by gardens, and also in huts in the woods. Queen Pomare, the native sovereign, resided in a four-roomed house; but a handsome dwelling was being built for her use by the French authorities, from whom she was receiving a yearly pension of over a thousand pounds.

In Tahiti the native hut usually consists of nothing more than a roof of palm leaves, supported on a number of poles, though sometimes there are walls

constructed of wicker-work. Each hut consists of only one room, and it is frequently occupied by several families at the same time. Fine woven straw mats and a few coverlets make up the ordinary furniture of these rude houses; though in the huts of the wealthy two or three wooden chests or stools, which are regarded as articles of luxury, are sometimes to be found. Pots, pans, &c., are not wanted. The Indians cook their provisions between hot stones, and all the kitchen articles they require are a knife, and a cocoa-shell for water. The piroques, or native boats, are formed of the trunks of trees hollowed out, and are so narrow, short, and shallow, that they are constantly liable to overturn. The natives now dress pretty much in the manner of civilized nations.

One Sunday Madame Pfeiffer went into the meeting-house, to see the people assembled there; for the natives are all Christians—in name, at least. On ordinary occasions the women adorned themselves with garlands of leaves and flowers, and wore flowers in their ears, which were pierced with holes through which the stalks were drawn; but before entering the church the floral adornments were removed, to be resumed again when the service was concluded. Some of the women had black satin blouses on, and European bonnets of a preposterously ancient date. During the singing of the psalms the congregation showed some degree of attention; but, the music being over, all attention and respect were at an end.

The children played, joked, and ate, and the grown-up people gossiped or slept.

The men are handsome and tall, six feet being no uncommon height among them; and they are remarkably strong and active. The women are also tall; but they look muscular, and almost unwieldy. They have beautiful teeth, fine dark eyes, and jet black hair. Their skin is copper-coloured.

Our traveller had an opportunity of witnessing the national dances, and she describes them as the most unbecoming she had ever seen. The dances took place in an open space surrounded by splendid palms and by native huts. Before one of the huts sat two huge half-naked natives, beating time with great vigour on small drums. In front of these sat other five dark giants, moving the upper parts of their bodies in the most painful and violent manner, especially the arms, hands, and fingers, every joint of which they move in the most extraordinary fashion. All these wonderful motions and gestures are supposed to represent their pursuit of their enemies, ridiculing their cowardice, joy over victory, &c. They accompany their motions with dismal, discordant howls, twisting their features at the same time into hideous shapes. While all this is going on, two females dart forward from among the onlookers, and join the dance. They leap, cry, and make violent gestures, which are always more or less immodest. They are not much longer on the ground than two minutes when they retire,

and after a short time two other females rush forward, and go through the same unwomanly performance.

The moral depravity of the Society Islanders is unusual, even among savage tribes; and it has been increased rather than diminished by intercourse with Europeans, and especially with the French, who have constantly garrisoned the island since 1844.

On the 1st May a great fête was given at Tahiti in honour of Louis Philippe, king of the French. At twelve o'clock the native chiefs and other exalted personages were entertained at dinner. They met in front of the governor's house, where various sorts of provisions, as salt meat, bacon, baked pork, bread, fruits, &c., were heaped up; but instead of taking their places and sitting down to dinner, they divided the store of good things into separate lots, and each took up his share and walked home with it. In the evening there were fireworks, and afterwards a ball, at which the most startling contrasts were to be seen. Elegant Frenchmen stood side by side with the brown beauties of Tahiti, and staff-officers in full uniform stood next to half-naked islanders.

On the same evening Madame Pfeiffer was introduced to Queen Pomare, who was then thirty-six years of age, tall, stout, and good-looking. She was enveloped in a sky-blue satin gown, ornamented all round with rows of rich black blond; and wore jessamine blossoms in her ears, and a wreath of flowers in her hair. In honour of the great fête she wore

shoes and stockings, but on ordinary occasions she went barefoot. Her husband, the handsomest man in the island, was called the Prince Albert of Tahiti, not only on account of his good looks, but because he was not named "the King," but "the Queen's Consort." There was another sovereign in the company, a certain King Otoume, ruler of one of the neighbouring islands. His appearance was most comical. He wore a pair of short white baggy trousers, and a yellow calico coat which was evidently home made, being exactly in every respect what a coat ought not to be. This crowned head was barefooted. The queen's ladies of honour were dressed in white muslin, had flowers in their ears and garlands in their hair. They danced quadrilles with the French officers without making a single mistake; but as they had neither shoes nor stockings on, their toes were often in danger from their partners' boots.

Before supper was announced, the queen disappeared into an adjoining room, to smoke a cigar or two, and her husband passed the time playing billiards.

At supper Madame Pfeiffer sat between the Prince Consort of Tahiti and the canary-coloured sovereign, Otoume. Both were civil and attentive, assisted the stranger to the various dishes, and filled her glass with wine or water; but it was evidently a work of great effort with them to adhere to the usages of European society. A number of the natives present were not so careful. The queen, for instance, asked

at dessert for a second plate, filled it with sweetmeats, and put it aside to carry home. Others had to be prevented from indulging so much as they wished in champagne.

Subsequently, Madame Pfeiffer dined on several occasions with the royal family, and always found that both the Queen and the Prince Consort appeared in the national costume of a petticoat and chemise, and were barefooted. Since the time of our traveller's visit, however, this national costume has been seldom seen at the court, and very rarely met with throughout the island.

On the 4th May Madame Pfeiffer set out, under the escort of a French officer and his household, to see the interior of Tahiti. Tati, the principal chief of the island, accompanied the excursionists. The route selected gave the party a good view of the island. It is intersected by imposing mountains, the loftiest of which is over 7000 feet in height. Around the mountains winds a strip of forest from four to six hundred paces broad, the trees of which yield most delicious fruits. The party went by sea. and in the evening landed at Paya, where one of Tati's sons ruled as chief. On the arrival of the visitors, a pig, weighing eighteen or twenty pounds, was ordered to be killed and cooked in honour of the old chief. The manner of cooking in these islands was peculiar. A large fire was kindled in a shallow pit containing a number of stones. After the fire had burned itself out, and the stones were

thoroughly heated, the pig was laid upon them. Hot stones were also placed above it, then a layer of green branches was put on, afterwards a layer of dry leaves, and then a quantity of earth; so that the heat was well confined. In an hour and a half the pork was dug up, divided, and handed to each guest, together with the half of a bread-fruit. It is worthy of mention that the fresh cocoa-nuts eaten by the natives contain each a pint of clear, sweet-tasted water. This water we call milk, but it is only when the fruit is old and stale that the water becomes thick and milky, and in this condition the natives of the Society Islands never use it.

Arrived at Papara, forty-two miles from the port of Tahiti, Madame Pfeiffer resolved to go further inland, and view Lake Vaihiria. Travelling in the interior of the island is extremely fatiguing, because sand plains and rapid rivers constantly interrupt the journey, and can be crossed only with difficulty. Our traveller was suitably clothed for her excursion. She wore men's strong shoes without any stockings, a blouse, and trousers. In this garb she set out with her guide. Through one stream which flowed along a ravine, and which was in some places exceedingly rapid, Madame Pfeiffer had to wade no less than sixty-two times! Her guide took hold of her hand when a dangerous part was to be crossed, and dragged her, half-swimming, after him. Everywhere the water reached above the lady's waist at least, and her hands and feet were severely wounded

with the climbing and falling. After eight hours of toil, she had finished her journey of eighteen miles, and stood in view of the lake of Vaihiria, which is hemmed in by lofty and steep green mountains, that do not afford so much as a footing between the brink of the water and the face of the rocks. In order to cross this lake, one must either swim or trust oneself to a slim, crazy sort of boat or raft, which the Indians prepare in a few minutes. As soon as Madame Pfeiffer informed her guide that she wished to cross the sheet of water, which is six hundred feet wide, and is supposed to lie in the mouth of an extinct volcano, he tore off some plantain branches, fastened them together with long tough grass, laid a few leaves upon them, launched them on the water, and invited the lady to go *on board!* The lady was frightened at first, but nevertheless she seated herself upon the raft. Her guide swam behind, and pushed it forward. The return voyage was managed in the same way; and though the raft floated under, rather than upon the water, and the lady was in continual fear of falling into the lake, no accident occurred.

Retracing their steps for a few hundred yards, Madame Pfeiffer and her guide came upon a spot roofed over with leaves, in which they resolved to bivouac for the night. The Indian here made a good fire in a marvellously short time. He took a small piece of wood and cut it to a fine point; then, taking another piece, he made a narrow furrow in it,

not very deep. He then rubbed the pointed stick up and down the furrow, and in a few moments the detached particles began to smoke. Throwing the smoking particles into a little bundle of dry leaves and grass which he had collected for the purpose, he swung it round two or three times in the air, when immediately it burst out into flames. The whole process did not take more than two minutes. Abundance of fuel was at hand, and a few plantains were gathered and cooked for supper. After having dried her clothes, Madame Pfeiffer took her scanty supper, and went to sleep upon a couch of fallen leaves. Next morning the lady traveller set out on her return journey, walking the last stage of it—thirty-six miles—in one day.

On the 17th May the *Lootpuit* left Tahiti on its way to China, sailing in a west-north-west direction. On the 28th May the vessel crossed the Line, when a Tahitan sucking-pig was killed and consumed in honour of the occasion, and prosperity to their native hemisphere was drunk by the European passengers in hock. On the 1st July the coast of Luzon, the largest of the Philippines, was in sight, and the same night the vessel entered the Chinese Sea. Madame Pfeiffer was glad to leave the Pacific, for sailing on this ocean had been to her the most monotonous thing in the world. The vessel, as it was wafted along, went so steadily that our traveller, seated at her desk, was frequently under the impression that she was sitting in some small room on shore; and

this mistake was all the more natural as there were on board three horses, a dog, pigs, hens, geese, and a canary bird, which kept neighing, barking, grunting, cackling, and singing, as if they were in a farmyard.

On the 6th July the coast of China was sighted, and on the evening of the same day the vessel was not more than thirty-three miles from the city of Macao, at the mouth of the Canton River. It was not, however, till the 9th July that the *Lootpuit*, after sailing between bays and reefs diversified by groups of the most beautiful islands, dropped anchor in Macao Roads. A few European ships were riding at anchor around; but what delighted Madame Pfeiffer more was the number of Chinese junks, manned by Chinese, which she beheld on every side rocking to and fro with the motion of the waves.

CHAPTER VI.

CHINA.

NO sooner had the *Lootpuit* dropped her anchor in Macao Roads than a swarm of Chinese, with long tails hanging from their shaven heads, and with the small, ugly, narrow eyes with which Madame Pfeiffer was familiar from pictures she had seen in Europe, clambered upon the deck, offering their fruits and cakes for sale, and crying up the praises of their goods in broken English. Others remained in their boats, which were crowded round the vessel, and called the attention of the passengers to their curiously made ornaments and other articles. The whole scene looked like a regular market on the sea. A boat was hired, and the passengers went on shore and passed through the town. The streets were filled with Chinese, and had a most bustling appearance. Men were seated out of doors playing at dominoes, and locksmiths, carpenters, shoemakers, and crowds of others, were plying their trades in the open street, or gambling and dining in the numerous booths. It was surprising and amusing to the European observers to see the Chinese at their meals. In

eating, they make two little sticks called chopsticks supply the place of knife and fork; and with these sticks they skilfully convey their food into their mouths. When they eat rice, which is the chief article of their daily food, they hold the plate close to their mouths and push in the food with the chopsticks; but the process is said to be not a very cleanly one.

The captain of the *Lootpuit* resolved to put to sea next morning, and he offered to take Madame Pfeiffer as his guest to Hong-Kong, on the other side of the estuary of Canton River. The lady had only agreed for a passage to Macao, and as she had no letters to people in that town, and desired to see Hong-Kong, she gladly accepted the invitation.

The vessel was hove-to for the night at a considerable distance from the shore, and in a part of the sea which was known to be infested with pirates, who swarm in the China Seas. The natural apprehensions of the passengers were not allayed by the relation of the following occurrence:—A few years prior to Madame Pfeiffer's visit to China, a brig, lying exactly where the *Lootpuit* was now anchored, had been boarded by pirates, the crew murdered, and the vessel plundered of everything. The captain had gone on shore, the sailors had become careless, and there was only one man on the watch. During the night a schampan—a vessel of a size smaller than a junk—ran alongside the brig. One of the rowers of the schampan came on board, saying he had a letter from

the captain; and as the man on the watch went to the lantern to read the letter, the pirate struck him a blow on the head and laid him senseless. The other ruffians from the schampan now scaled the ship, and in a few minutes the bloody work of murdering the crew was accomplished and the brig taken possession of.

But though in the midst of danger, the *Lootpuit* was not attacked, and in the morning of 10th July

ENTRANCE TO HONG-KONG.

she set sail north-east across the estuary of Canton River to Hong-Kong, a distance from Macao of sixty nautical miles.

The port and capital of the British island of Hong-Kong is Victoria, on a small bay on the north side of the island, surrounded by mountains. It is laid out in magnificent streets, and is so like a European city, that if it were not for the Chinese porters, labourers, and peddlers who crowd the thoroughfares, one would hardly believe he was in China. Here Madame Pfeiffer was introduced to Herr Gützlaft and four other German missionaries, who were at the time studying the Chinese language. They wore the Chinese dress, and had their heads shaved like the natives, with the exception of the hair on the back of their heads, which they wore long and had plaited into "tails."

The Chinese language is most difficult to learn, as it contains more than four thousand characters, and is wholly composed of monosyllables. It is not written with a pen, but with a small brush; and as the letters are drawn with a brush, and as the Indian ink used is in solid cakes, it would be correct to say that the Chinese language is not written, but *painted*. It is read, not from left to right, but from right to left; and not across the page in lines, but down the page in perpendicular columns.

Madame Pfeiffer was the first lady who had ever travelled in China without protection. Every one wondered at her courage in walking through the streets without escort; and the marvel is that the Chinese did not stone her on her first public ap-

pearance among them. But her friends were still more astonished when she informed them of her having taken out her passage in a Chinese junk from Hong-Kong to Canton. She looked to the priming of her pistols, and went on board among the piratical-looking crew without apprehension. The passengers on board the junk afforded our traveller considerable amusement. Some played at dominoes; others amused themselves and tormented their neighbours by extracting horrid sounds from a three-stringed instrument of the mandoline shape; and all of them smoked, chatted, and drank tea without sugar from small saucers. On retiring for the night to her cabin, Madame Pfeiffer found herself in the company of two Chinese women, who were busily engaged in smoking pipes, the heads of which were no bigger than thimbles, and consequently required to be filled afresh after every four or five puffs. It is a custom in China to use little stools of bamboo or strong pasteboard instead of pillows; and the Chinese women observing that Madame Pfeiffer had no stool for her head, offered her one of theirs. The stools are rounded on the top, but are not stuffed. They are eight inches high, are from one to three feet long, and are much more comfortable than strangers to Chinese customs might suppose.

Next morning the junk was a long way up the Pearl River, upon which the town of Canton is situated. Immense plantations of rice, skirted by bananas and other fruit trees, extended along the

banks of the river. Country houses of the genuine Chinese pattern, with their sloping, pointed roofs curving outward, and their gay-coloured tiles, stood here and there, under clumps of overshadowing trees; while on every little eminence beside the villages stood quaint pagodas from three to nine stories in height.

As the junk, pursuing its way, came near Canton, the scene on the river became more exciting, and ships and inhabited boats were passed in ever increasing numbers. Extraordinary junks, of an immense size, and often of a thousand tons burden, were frequently seen. Their lofty poops or after-decks hung far over the water, and were provided with large windows and galleries, and covered in with a roof like a house.

Chinese men-of-war, flat, broad, and long vessels, carrying twenty to thirty cannon; mandarins' boats, with their painted sides, doors, and windows, and their carved galleries fluttering with gay silk flags; and flower-boats—floating houses of pleasure—with their upper galleries decorated with flowers, arabesques, and garlands, and their interiors splendidly fitted up with mirrors, silk hangings, glass chandeliers, coloured paper lanterns, and lovely little baskets filled with fresh flowers swinging from every place on which they could be hung; rendered the scene on the upper reaches of Pearl River most curious and interesting to a European. All these large vessels had two great eyes painted on their

prow, that they may be the better able to see their way, as the Chinese said. And besides these there are thousands of smaller boats—schampans—some at anchor, others crossing the broad surface of the stream in all directions. And this scene of bustle and unceasing activity is completed by hundreds of fishermen engaged at their occupation on the river, and the men and children that are seen amusing themselves by swimming about.

Madame Pfeiffer on landing proceeded with a guide to the European quarter; but while passing along the streets the natives, old and young, turned to look after her, then hooting and pointing at her with their fingers, they ran out of their booths and, closing in, formed a crowd behind her. She walked calmly on, however, preserving a composed countenance; and it was probably owing to her manifesting no fear that she escaped unmolested. Arrived at the European quarter, her friend Mr. Agassiz congratulated her on her good fortune in having escaped being insulted or stoned by the people. Europeans were at that time so much hated by Chinese, that they had to exercise the greatest care in showing themselves in public. European women were especially detested; because it is declared in one of the Chinese prophecies that a woman will one day conquer the Celestial Empire.

While staying in Canton, Madame Pfeiffer directed her attention to the mode of life pursued there by Europeans. As soon as these get up and have drunk

a cup of tea in their bed-room, they take a cold bath. After nine o'clock they breakfast upon fried fish or cutlets, roast meat or eggs, tea and bread and butter. From breakfast-time till four o'clock business takes up every one's attention. Dinner, consisting mainly of European dishes prepared in the European fashion, but by Chinese cooks, comes off at four o'clock. Portuguese wine and English beer are the principal drinks. Ice, brought all the way from North America, and therefore very expensive, is set down with the wine and beer. In the evening tea is served up. During the time of taking meals an agreeable degree of temperature is diffused through the apartment by keeping a punkah constantly in motion. The punkah is a large frame covered with white Indian cloth. It is from eight to ten feet long, and three feet broad, and is fastened to the ceiling. A cord like a bell-pull communicates with an adjoining room, where a servant is stationed to keep it in motion.

The mode of life pursued by the Chinese differs much from that of the Europeans. The natives of China live very inexpensively — two and a half pence a day being considered a liberal allowance for a man. One reason why they live so cheaply is, that they make rice their chief article of food; and as rice is grown in enormous quantities in China, it is remarkably cheap. Another reason is, that they seem to eat everything—dogs, cats, mice, rats, the intestines of birds, and the blood of every

animal. It is also said that caterpillars and worms come to the tables of the Chinese. Among the lower orders the costume of both sexes consists of wide trousers, and upper garments resembling tunics or loose coats. The clothes are always remarkably filthy—the Chinese being particularly averse to personal cleanliness. The Chinaman of the lower classes never washes himself; he wears no shirt, and he keeps on the same pair of trousers till they drop off in rags! The men's tunics or upper garments reach below the knee; the women's reach somewhat lower. They are usually made of nankeen, or of dark blue, brown, or black silk. The men shave their heads except a patch on the back, the hair on which is carefully attended to and plaited into a long queue, which is twisted round the neck whilst its owner is at work, but is uncoiled and allowed to hang down after business is over. The longer and thicker a Chinaman's queue is, the prouder he is of it. The young beau of China plaits false hair and black ribbons into his tail; and this curious ornament often hangs down as low as his ancles. The women wear their hair combed back off their forehead, and they fasten it up in beautiful plaits. Both men and women often go about without any covering for the head. The hats of the men are sometimes about nine feet in circumference round the rim! China is called "The Flowery Land," and certainly the people are extremely fond of floral decorations. The houses of the lower classes are miserable hovels, built of wood

or brick; but though the furniture is scanty and wretched, each house is sure to contain a few pots of flowers. Thousands of families live in boats on the rivers. The husband goes ashore in the morning to his work, and returns to his floating dwelling at night. His wife, during the day, makes a little money by ferrying people across the river, or by letting the boat to pleasure parties.

Among the Chinese, criminals are often punished by having their feet or other parts of their body beaten with bamboo canes. This form of punishment is called the bastinado. Fifteen blows on the more tender parts of the body sometimes cause death. Criminals are often sentenced to undergo horrible tortures; such as flaying alive, having the limbs crushed, the sinews of the feet cut, &c. Sentence of death is carried out by strangling or decapitation; though sometimes the criminal is sawed in two, or buried up to his head in the ground and left to die of starvation. Life is held cheap here, and people undergo the punishment of death with apparent indifference. Indeed, many Chinese are to be found who, for a certain sum of money, are willing to take the place of a condemned man, and—after enjoying themselves with the sum they have received—suffer death in his stead. That must be a strange country where people live by dying!

Madame Pfeiffer was much astonished at beholding the small feet of the Chinese ladies. In one instance she saw the foot bare. Four of the toes were bent

under the sole of the foot, to which they were firmly pressed, and with which, indeed, two of them appeared to have united so as to form one mass. The great toe remained in its natural state. The compression of the feet takes place, in ordinary circumstances, in the sixth or seventh year of the child's age; but among the wealthy classes it takes place shortly after she has begun to walk. Bandages alone are used in restraining the growth of the feet, or rather in forcing them to expand upwards instead of in length. The foot which Madame Pfeiffer inspected was less than four inches long, and was only an inch and a half broad! The feet are always swathed in white linen or silk, bound with silk bandages, and stuffed into pretty little shoes with high heels. Although their feet are so compressed, the ladies of China can walk a distance of several miles, and run about with ease, and trip up-stairs without the assistance of a staff. The custom of compressing the feet is very general among the wealthy classes; among the middle classes only the eldest daughter has her feet bound up; and in the lowest class the custom is never observed. The smaller the feet the greater the beauty of the lady. The worth of a bride is reckoned by the smallness of her feet.

The Chinese paint upon canvas and ivory. Their pictures contain much character, but they show no perspective. Their carvings in ivory, tortoise-shell, and wood; their lacquered wares inlaid with gold; their baskets and carpets, are all beautiful specimens

of workmanship. Their articles in porcelain are famous all over the world. Their tea-cups are almost as transparent as glass, and are beautifully painted. They possess plenty of musical instruments —violins, guitars, flutes, dulcimers, wind instruments, drums of all kinds, and cymbals; but they are wretched musicians. They scratch, scrape, and thump their instruments with praiseworthy vigour, but they never get beyond the marrow-bone and cleaver kind of music.

The Chinese are remarkable for their powers of deceit—they are perhaps the cleverest cheats in the world. They have not the slightest sense of honour or of shame, and when detected in cheating, they only say to the person who detects them, "You are more clever than I!" When they sell calves or pigs, they make the animals swallow great quantities of water, so as to increase their weight; they blow up lean and stale fowls, so as to make them look fresh and plump; and they are, in many cases, the friends and partners of smugglers and pirates. A Swiss gentleman named Monsieur Vauchee was in the habit of passing an evening occasionally in the house in which Madame Pfeiffer lived in Canton. He afterwards left Canton for Shanghai, carrying with him Swiss watches to the value of £1600. In speaking to a friend, Monsieur Vauchee congratulated himself upon the cautious manner in which he had packed his watches, concealing everything from his servants. In this, however, he was mistaken. Among

his servants there were some who were in league with the pirates, and he had not been a quarter of an hour on the river on his voyage to Hong-Kong when he was robbed and murdered, though there were thousands of schampans and other small vessels and boats around him. But though Madame Pfeiffer found the Chinese barbarously cruel, ready to stone and kill defenceless individuals, she discovered that there was no true courage among them; and she estimates that a dozen European soldiers could put a hundred of them to flight.

By the assistance of a German gentleman who had settled in Canton, Madame Pfeiffer was enabled to see more of Chinese life than any woman who had ever visited the country. She made an excursion to the famous Temple of Honan, in the vicinity of Canton. Under the archway of the entrance to this curious building are two immense figures of war-gods, each eighteen feet high, standing in threatening attitudes, and with their features most horribly distorted. These two unpleasant-looking gentlemen are placed at the entrance, that their menacing aspect and terrific expression of face may frighten evil spirits from entering the temple. The principal room of this richly-decorated building is a hundred feet square. The roof is flat, and is supported by rows of wooden pillars; and numbers of glass chandeliers, lamps, artificial flowers, and silk ribbons, hang from it. The room contains also many altars, statues, flower-pots, censers, candlesticks, and

other ornaments, and bears some resemblance to a Roman Catholic chapel There are also three representations of the god Buddha, and other statues of gods. These are made of wood, gilded and painted with glaring colours. At the time of Madame Pfeiffer's visit, worship was being conducted in the

CHINESE MANDARIN.

temple. A mandarin, wearing a splendid garment of brocade, white silk trousers, a velvet hat with a gilt button, and a necklace of precious stones, stood at one of the altars piously engaged in prayer, while two servants cooled him at his devotions by fanning him with large fans, and three performers supplied music

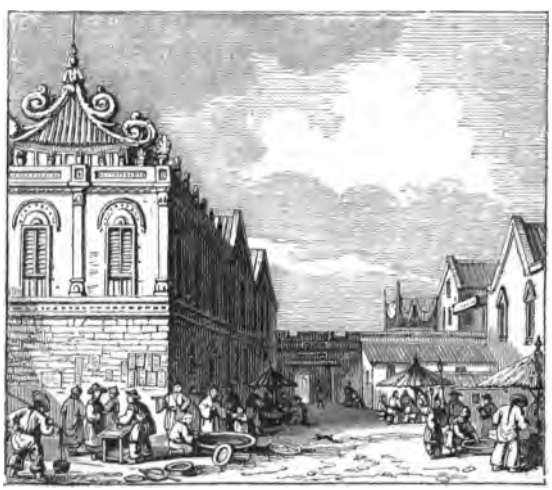
—one by twanging a stringed instrument, another by striking a hollow metal globe, and the third by playing a flute. In the Dwelling of the Holy Pigs! —a beautiful stone hall, filled, however, with an intolerable smell—the visitor beheld a pair of the sacred animals that are here taken care of, and live a life of luxurious ease and plenty till death puts an end to their existence. Upwards of one hundred priests—or, as they are called, *bonzes*—reside in the Temple of Honan. They dress like the ordinary Chinese, and are only to be distinguished from them by the fact that their heads are entirely shaved. Neither they nor any of the other priests are held in the slightest esteem by the people of China.

After visiting the Half-way Pagoda, a beautiful structure rising in nine stories to the height of 170 feet, and which, from the beautifully coloured tiles with which its projecting balconies and variegated walls are inlaid, looks like a mass of the finest porcelain, Madame Pfeiffer made the most daring trip up the river that had ever been attempted. The boat which conducted her was fired upon from the fortresses on the banks of the river, but escaped uninjured. After viewing the lovely scenery of the district—the great plains laid out in rice-fields and in tea and sugar plantations; the picturesque clumps of finely formed trees; the rolling hills in the neighbourhood, and the higher mountain ranges seen in the distance—our traveller returned safely to Canton. Six young Englishmen attempted the same

excursion a few months after, and all of them were barbarously murdered by the Chinese in a village at which they landed.

Only one excursion now remained to be made, and that was round the walls of Canton, a circuit of nine miles. No woman had ever been known to make this trip, and Madame Pfeiffer's guide, a missionary, insisted that, for her own safety, she should not attempt it in her own dress, but should put on male attire for the occasion. Madame, who never shrunk from any trial, however severe, consented at once; and having arrayed herself, set out on her journey early in the morning. The way lay through narrow streets paved with broad flags. Before each house was a small niche containing an altar with night-lamps, which, as it was yet early, were still burning. Afterwards the shops began to open, and as these had no front wall, one could see the goods exposed for sale on tables and in boxes in the inside; and the narrow staircase which led up to the dwelling-house above could also be seen. Behind their goods the shopkeepers sat working. In China as well as in Turkey it is customary for those who practise a certain trade to confine themselves to certain streets. For instance, in Canton one finds a street in which nothing but crockery is to be seen; another in which glass and glass wares alone are sold; and a third which consists of silk-shops only. As to the houses of the Chinese it may be observed that a part of the house—the main-door flat—is devoted to

the gods, while the ordinary mortal inhabitants confine themselves to the upper stories. In her early excursion round the walls of Canton, Madame Pfeiffer found that after the shops were open the streets became wonderfully crowded. Women and girls of the lower classes were seen in great numbers moving about upon their small feet with a waddling gait, and shopping from place to place. These



STREET IN CANTON.

second-rate Chinese beauties were jostled on all sides by porters hurrying along with cases of provisions on their shoulders, shouting the praises of their goods, or warning the people to make way

for them. At another moment the whole width of a street would be taken up, and the ebb and flow of traffic would be suddenly stopped, by the procession of some great man—a rich noble being escorted to his place of business by crowds of attendants; while again the European sense of propriety would be shocked by the crowds of porters seen at every turn loaded with boxes of refuse intended for manure—for the Chinese cultivate every inch of available ground.

The walk round the city walls was not attended by any incident. The walls themselves are sixty feet high, and are overgrown with grass, creeping-plants, and brushwood. Seen from a low hill near the walls, the city seemed a confused plain, thickly covered with one-story houses, and without streets, squares, or striking buildings. The hills of the town are occupied as cemeteries. When near the end of her excursion, our traveller was alarmed by a horrible kind of music, and she had hardly time to look up and step aside when a funeral procession went flying past her at full speed;—for in China it is the habit not to walk slowly to the place of interment, but to rush as fast as possible. First came a set of rude musicians, making barbarous noises; next came the friends of the dead; and afterwards came the coffin, made out of the hollowed trunk of a tree. It was suspended by a pole, and was carried by porters. The rear of the procession was formed by a number of priests and a crowd of people.

Each priest had a piece of white cloth bound round his head or arm; for white is the mourning colour in China.

Madame Pfeiffer visited the dwelling-house of a mandarin. It was a building of only one story in height, but was very wide, and had splendid terraces. The windows, for the sake of privacy, looked all into the inner courts; the roof was like that of a European building, but more flat. The sloping, curving roofs, with their points and pinnacles, their bells and flags and variegated tiles, are never seen on ordinary dwelling-houses, but only on temples, palaces, and summer-houses. At the entrance to the mandarin's house were two painted gods, placed there for the purpose of keeping off evil spirits. The front part of the house commanded a full view of the animated scene on the river and of the charming scenery around, and consisted of a succession of reception-rooms. Around the rooms were a number of cabinets, or small chambers, separated from the main apartments by wonderfully thin walls—not much thicker than paper, and quite transparent! The most remarkable of these walls were those made of bamboos. They were as delicate as a veil, and were beautifully ornamented with artistic pictures, painted flowers, and neatly written proverbs. A great many chairs and sofas were ranged along the walls. Some of the large arm-chairs were skilfully cut out of a single piece of wood, others had seats of marble, of porcelain, or of coloured tile. From the

ceiling and walls hung immense numbers of lanterns, of glass, horn, paper, or coloured gauze; and when the rooms are fully lighted up they present a scene of fairy-like brightness.

After inspecting the house, Madame Pfeiffer visited the mandarin's pleasure-gardens. "These were in the highest state of cultivation, and they had a curious appearance from the number of kiosks summer-houses, and high bridges which were to be seen everywhere." Flower-pots were met with on all sides, with dwarfed trees growing in them. The smaller a tree is in China, it is the more highly prized. Often the tree which, in other circumstances, might grow to full natural size, and afford cool and pleasant shade, is so cramped and crippled that it is found growing in a flower-pot, and not more than three feet high. Whole rows of these toy-like trees are ranged in Chinese gardens, and it is astonishing with what a large quantity of beautiful fruit the delicate branches are laden. Another curiosity of Chinese taste is observable in the figures of ships, birds, fish, pagodas, &c., which are cut out in the foliage of the dwarf trees. To make the resemblance more complete, eggs, with black spots painted on them so as to look like eyes, are stuck in the heads of the figures of the animals. Little movable figures of men and women are also frequently seen in the gardens of China, and the Chinese ladies take great pleasure in arranging and re-arranging these figures, and forming new combina-

tions with them. Another favourite amusement of both ladies and gentlemen in China is flying kites. For hours the Chinese sit looking at their fantastic paper-monsters, of every variety of frightful and extraordinary design, flying in the air; and in the garden of every Chinese nobleman a large open space is set apart for this pastime.

Madame Pfeiffer's visit to a tea-factory was among the first made to any such establishment by a European. And it was not made without personal risk. The proprietor conducted her over the factory, but his authority was utterly insufficient to repress the hatred and violence of the native work-people. Among these a perfect revolt took place as soon as our traveller entered among them. Old and young rose from their work, the older "hands" raising the children in their arms and pointing at the stranger with their fingers. Afterwards they pressed close upon her, raising horrible cries. At length the master of these unruly work-people, desiring Madame Pfeiffer to content herself with a hasty glance over the work, asked her to quit the building as soon as possible. The lady traveller, however, had sufficient time to inspect some of the processes in the preparation of tea. The leaves of the plant are thrown for a few seconds into boiling water, and are then placed in flat iron pans where they are slightly roasted by a gentle heat; during which process they are continually stirred by the hand. As soon as they begin to curl they are thrown upon broad

planks, and each leaf is rolled together. The rolled leaves are afterwards placed again in the pan. But the process of drying tea is variously managed in different localities. It is sometimes dried in ovens,

DRYING TEA.

at each of which an attendant is posted, whose duty it is to stir the drying leaves with his hand, as represented in our illustration.

Round about Canton, the first gathering of the tea takes place in March, the second in April, and the third in May. The leaves of the first gathering are so delicate and fine, that they might readily be mis-

taken for the blossom; and tea of this gathering is generally called "bloom," or Imperial tea, and is by far the finest in quality. "Bloom" tea is not met with in trade, and it is believed that none of it ever leaves China.

CHINESE BRIDGE.

CHAPTER VII.

SINGAPORE, THE EAST INDIES, AND CEYLON.

ON the evening of the 20th of August, Madame Pfeiffer bade adieu to Canton and to China, and set out on her voyage to Singapore. Arrived at Hong-Kong, she took a second-class passage in an English steamer—the first English steam-vessel in which she had ever sailed. Everything on board was uncomfortable;—the provisions were execrable; the blades of the knives were notched; the prongs of the forks were broken; the cups had no handles; and broken meats, the remains of what had been served to the first-cabin passengers, often came to table. The only light to be had was from a tallow-candle; and after eight o'clock at night there was often no light at all, and the passengers were obliged either to go to bed or to sit in the dark. Never before had Madame Pfeiffer paid so dear for such miserable fare; never had she been cheated to such an extent. But had she paid first-class fare, she would probably have been better pleased with the arrangements of the vessel.

On the 28th of August the rocky shores of

Cochin China came in sight, and the vessel for some time steered along the coast. On the 3rd of September it reached the harbour of Singapore. Madame Pfeiffer found that the streets of this city were broad and airy. The houses were only one story in height; and as, owing to the heat, there was no glass in any of the windows, its place was supplied with sun-blinds. The servants in Singapore are nearly all Chinese, and whole ship-loads of Chinese boys, of from ten to fifteen years of age, come over here every spring and take service. The Europeans in the city lead pretty much the same kind of life as those in Canton. Among the principal buildings is the Chinese temple. This temple contains an altar to the Goddess of Mercy. Upon this altar, fruits, biscuit, and boiled rice are laid every morning, for the use of the goddess; and whatever is left by the goddess falls to the share of the priests, who, we may be sure, are far from being starved.

The island of Singapore is beautiful in the highest degree. Gardens of perfect cultivation, plantations of precious spices, groves of palms with their slender and graceful stems ending in a green tuft of leaves like a plume, and the back-ground of wild but beautiful jungle, unite to form a most pleasing picture. Excellent roads cross the island, and the favourite promenades are crowded with handsome European equipages.

Here Madame Pfeiffer saw plantations of the

SINGAPORE.

nutmeg, the clove, and the areca-palm trees. The areca-nut, made up into small packets with bits of betel-nut and the powder of burned mussel-shells, is chewed by the Chinese and natives. Sago is manufactured here. Unprepared sago is the pith of a short, thick kind of palm. The trees are cut up from top to bottom, and the soft pith is taken out, separated from the fibres, pressed in large frames, and dried before a fire or in the sun. At this stage it is of a yellowish colour, but it is afterwards bleached white by steeping.

Madame Pfeiffer, who delighted to engage in all sorts of daring enterprises, if they only promised to contribute to her information or gratify her love of adventure, joined a hunting party and went away into the jungle. The party consisted of four gentlemen, well armed. After rowing some distance up a river overhung by the wildest and most luxuriant vegetation, the travellers were gratified by seeing a number of monkeys skipping about among the branches, while quite a congregation of them were heard chattering in the neighbourhood. Splendidly coloured parrots and pretty squirrels were also seen, and a number of them were shot. While engaged with the small game, the attention of the party was attracted by a much more serious object. A dark body was noticed among the branches of one of the trees, and on being more closely inspected it turned out to be a large serpent, lying coiled up, and waiting its chance for a spring! As they were

still in the boat upon the stream, they drew near to the animal; but it remained quite motionless—never, however, turning away its eyes from them. One of the gentlemen now fired, and hit it in the side. Quick as lightning, and with the greatest fury, it darted toward the boat; but it remained fast with its tail entangled in a bough. It still, however, kept springing forward furiously, its mouth open and its forked tongue quivering. A few more shots finished it, and one of the boatmen dragged its body into the boat by a noose of tough grass which he had fixed round its head. It was of a dark green colour with beautiful yellow streaks, was twelve feet long, and belonged to the boa species.

At the time of our traveller's visit to Singapore, all work on the plantations was performed by free labourers, and cost less than if it had been done by slaves. The labourers had only three shillings a week, without board or lodging, and yet out of this sum they were able not only to support themselves, but to maintain families. Their huts they constructed of the leaves and branches of trees; their food consisted of fish, roots, and a few vegetables; and their clothing was both scanty and cheap, for the children went about naked, the costume of the men consisted of a small apron, and only the women were decently dressed.

Many of the factories in the vicinity of Singapore are worked by Chinese, and a number of these meet-

ing with the hunting party, invited them to alight and enter a small temple which stood at hand. The Europeans entered the temple, and spread the provisions they had brought with them upon the altar. Instead, however, of leaving them there for the gods, they ravenously devoured them themselves. Afterwards, the serpent that had been shot was skinned, and the carcass was given to the Chinese; who received it coldly, saying they could not touch it. But on returning from their hunting expedition some hours later, the Europeans entered one of the huts in which a feast seemed to be going on, and found that the Chinese had cooked and were eating the carcass! Madame Pfeiffer sat down with them, and offered them money to be allowed to taste roast serpent. She found the meat particularly delicate and tender—more tender than that of a chicken.

Although rewards are offered for the destruction of tigers, it is found impossible to exterminate these animals in Singapore. From the island itself they could easily be driven; but the supply is kept up from the peninsula of Malacca, which is separated from the island by only a narrow channel, across which the tigers swim in the night time.

Before leaving Singapore, Madame Pfeiffer had an opportunity of witnessing the funeral of a wealthy Chinese. First in the procession came a priest with a servant at his side bearing a lantern two feet high, covered with white cambric. Then

came two musicians, one beating a drum, the other clashing cymbals. The coffin followed, with a servant carrying an open parasol over the head of it. At the side of the coffin walked the chief mourner, the eldest son of the deceased, carrying a small white flag, and having his hair hanging in disorder over his shoulders. The relatives were dressed in the deepest mourning; that is, in pure white, which, as we have had already occasion to say, is the mourning colour of the Chinese. The others who followed the coffin wore a strip of white cloth round their head, their waist, or their arm; and as soon as Madame Pfeiffer was observed in the procession, an attendant came forward and offered her a white cloth; which she courteously bound round her arm. The coffin, formed of the hollow trunk of a tree, was borne upon poles by twenty-four men. The bearers were exceedingly lively in their behaviour, and laughed and quarrelled unceasingly. The others laughed, smoked, chattered, and drank cold tea during the whole ceremony. The chief mourner alone seemed lost in grief. After the coffin had been lowered, and covered with numberless sheets of white paper, the grave was filled up, to the accompaniment of dismal howling from the relatives, among whom, however, every eye was dry.

On the following day Madame Pfeiffer witnessed the celebrated Chinese Feast of Lanterns. From all the houses, at the corners of the roofs, from high

CHINESE FEAST OF LANTERNS.

posts, in short, from every imaginable place, hung innumerable lanterns made of paper or gauze, and artistically ornamented with figures of warriors, gods, animals, and monsters. All sorts of refreshments, with fruit, were laid out in the courts and gardens of the houses and in the streets, in the form of pyramids, ornamented with flowers and lanterns. The people walked about, and the illumination lasted till midnight.

Madame Pfeiffer, continuing her travels round the world, left Singapore for Ceylon in the English steamer *Braganza* on the 7th October. The crew consisting of Chinese, Malays, Cingalese, Bengalese, Hindus, and Europeans, numbered in all seventy-nine persons—many of these dressed merely in a pair of short trousers and a dirty old turban. If they could not afford a turban, they made an old coloured rag or a sailor's cast-off cap supply its place. The Chinese, however, preserved their own costume and mode of life, as indeed they do in all countries. The coloured servants of the ship's officers were the only well-dressed members of the crew: they wore white trousers and tunics, white sashes, and embroidered caps of the same colour, or handsome turbans. But these unfortunates met with the roughest treatment from every one on board: they were kicked and cuffed about by the small middies, and even the dirty little cabin-boys played off the most ignoble practical jokes upon them, and sent them about on all sorts of fools' errands.

The island of Penang was reached on the 9th, and Madame Pfeiffer landed to examine the town of the same name; but she found that everything here resembled what she had already seen at Singapore. On the afternoon of the 17th the *Braganza* began to near Ceylon; and the passengers, from what they had heard of its beauty, gazed in eager expectation of the first glimpse of its shores. Gradually the island rose up from the sea, and its appearance is described as being in every respect magnificent. The summits of the mountain ranges which intersect the island in every direction were magically gilded by the light of the setting sun; while already the low hills, the thick cocoa groves, and the plains were hid in the darkness of night. Late in the evening the vessel arrived before the harbour of Point de Galle, and next morning a pilot took her into the port.

Passing through the crowds of people who pressed upon them on all sides, offering for sale precious stones, pearls, tortoise-shell, and articles in ivory, the passengers of the *Braganza* entered Point de Galle. The situation of the town, with its picturesque groups of rock in the foreground, while in the background rise magnificent palm forests, is very beautiful. The houses are generally neat low buildings, overshadowed by foliage, and the best streets are lined on each side by trees. The town has a busy, thriving appearance, and owes its prosperity to the fact that vessels plying between Suez,

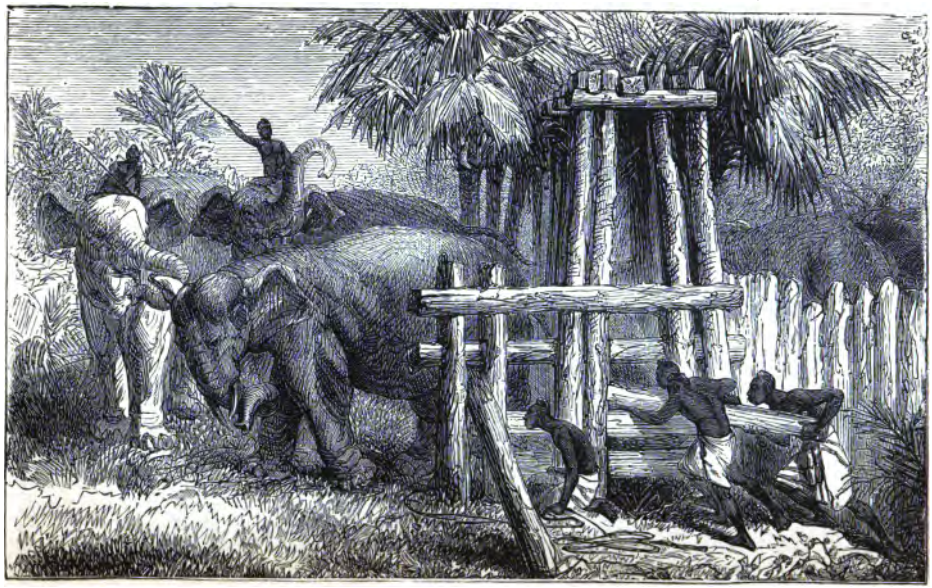
Bombay, and Calcutta, Australia, China, Penang, and Singapore, call here to coal and to tranship passengers.

Madame Pfeiffer made an excursion to Candy, passing Colombo, the capital of the island. The coach-road to Colombo is excellent, and the excursion is extremely interesting. The whole distance (seventy-three miles) is marked by a continuous string of villages; and companies of people of various races, and riding in vehicles of every description, crowd the road. The population of Ceylon comprises Cingalese, Hindus, Malays, Jews, Moors, and even Hottentots, besides Europeans in great variety; and the complexions to be seen deepen from white, through reddish-brown and olive, to black. The natives have no fear of the great heat of their climate; and it is said that they run no risk from the rays of the sun, as they are protected by the thickness of their skulls and the fat beneath! They live, however, in extreme terror of rain, and as soon as a light shower begins to fall they spring like rope-dancers over every obstacle in their way, and rush straight to their houses for shelter. If they are compelled to continue their journey, they hold over their heads a leaf of the great fan-palm as we do an umbrella. One of these leaves, which are each about four feet broad, and sufficiently large for two persons, can be easily held in the hand like a fan.

After staying a night in Colombo, which she found to be delightfully situated, Madame Pfeiffer

continued her journey to Candy, a further distance of seventy-two miles. The road now lay through great plains covered with rice plantations, the green and juicy appearance of which suggests to a European the fields of young wheat seen in his own country. Afterwards, as the road ran inland, our traveller found herself surrounded by mountains, now crowding in upon the road, then stretching away on either side, with summit rising above summit, and all remarkable for their height and their beauty of outline. Four miles from Candy the coach crossed the river Mahavilaganga by a bridge made of the costly satin-wood, and consisting of only one arch. After the conquest of the island by the English in 1796, the natives continued to hope that they might regain their independence, as one of their oracles had declared that it was as impossible for the enemy to overcome them as it was to unite the banks of the Mahavilaganga by a road. When the bridge over which Madame Pfeiffer had just crossed was begun, the natives smiled and said it would never be completed; after it was finished they lost all hope of ever being again independent.

The temple of Dagoha at Candy contains one of the teeth of the god Buddha; and as Buddhism is the prevailing religion in this part of the world, this temple is held in high estimation, and an immense number of pilgrims come hither every year to adore the divine tooth. The famous relic is placed in a small chamber, the half of which is occupied by a



TRAPPING ELEPHANTS.

large table or altar inlaid with plates of silver and ornamented round the edges with precious stones. Upon this altar stands a bell-shaped case three feet high, and three feet in diameter at the bottom. It is made of silver richly gilt, decorated with jewels, and ornamented with the figure of a peacock formed of precious stones. This outer case covers six separate cases, the one over the other,—all said to be made of pure gold! Under the smallest and most secret of these the tooth of the god is kept. The relic is shown only to princes and other great personages, and is said to be of dazzling whiteness, and to be as large as the tooth of a bullock!

Adam's Peak, a mountain 7000 feet high, is one of the great natural wonders of Ceylon. Its summit is so steep that it can only be ascended by means of steps artificially cut in the rock, or by the help of iron chains attached to it. On the flat top of this mountain is the print of an immense foot, five feet long and two feet broad, bound round by a brass rim, and ornamented with gems. The Mohammedans believe it to be the footprint of Adam, who, after being expelled from the garden of Eden, stood here upon one foot till God forgave him.

A singular plan of trapping elephants is practised in Ceylon. The hunters having selected a large open space near a stream where the animals come to drink, fence it in with strong posts, furnish it with a number of narrow entrances, and then place a tame elephant in the centre. This animal by his cries

entices his untamed brethren, who unsuspiciously walk into the trap and are secured; for the instant they enter, the passages are closed by parties who have been lying in wait for them. The wild elephants are then left without food for two or three days, by which time they have become sufficiently tractable. The finest of them are then selected, the others are killed if they have fine tusks, or if not, set at liberty.

Elephant *hunting* differs from elephant trapping, for in the former the animals are always killed, while in the latter their lives are for the most part spared. The hunting of elephants is variously conducted. A bullet fairly planted in the eye, behind the ear, or at the base of the trunk, generally finishes the largest elephant in an instant; and sportsmen have been known to bring down one on the right hand and another on the left with the two shots of a double-barrelled gun. Unless hit in a fatal part, however, the elephant can stand a good deal of shooting; and the unskilful marksman often runs a very small chance of escape from being trampled to death beneath the animal's pillar-like feet. The natives hunt the elephant successfully without using firearms. Their plan is to surround the animal, keeping themselves as much as possible in concealment. Then a hunter behind darts forward his spear with all his force, and sinks it quivering in his flesh. The elephant turns to look for his enemy, but he has no sooner done so than he receives two

AN ELEPHANT HUNT.

or three spears from another quarter; and so on, until the bewildered animal is slain.

The ravens of Ceylon are extraordinarily numerous and tame. Multitudes of them may be seen in every village and small town, coming up to the doors and windows, and picking up every bit of refuse,—thus acting the part of scavengers, as the dogs do in Turkey.

CHAPTER VIII.

MADRAS AND CALCUTTA.

ON the evening of the 27th October Madame Pfeiffer sailed in the *Bentinck* from Point de Galle to Calcutta. Among the passengers was an Indian prince who had broken treaty with the English, and had been made prisoner by them. His attendants, seven in number, were dressed in the picturesque Oriental fashion, but instead of turbans they wore high round caps, made of pasteboard, and covered with cloth inwrought with gold and silver. They had luxuriant long black hair, and beards. After three days' sail, the coasts of the Indian continent, with shores of yellow sand and a back-ground of low hills, came in sight. On the same day the vessel anchored before Madras, but at a distance of six miles from the town, as the roadstead, open to every wind except that from the west, is exceedingly dangerous, and even in calm weather the surf breaks three hundred feet from the shore, with waves three feet high. At no time can large vessels approach near the shore, and the mails, passengers, and merchandise are landed

by means of large boats, rowed by ten or twelve men, which put out from the town for that purpose. Trusting to her usual good fortune, Madame Pfeiffer embarked in one of these to visit the great city of Madras; but the boat had not got half way to land when rain began to fall with such violence that all on board were in a few minutes drenched to the skin. Arrived on shore, the travellers took refuge in the first coffee-house they came to, in which their only employment was to watch the tropical deluge rushing down. As soon as the rain abated, the passengers were obliged to get into a boat and return—the only reward for their courage in braving the breakers being a thorough wetting. Before sunset the sky cleared up, and the beautiful line of palace-like buildings which stretches along the shore of Madras, and in which the European residents dwell, shone out in the friendly sunlight. The *Bentinck* then resumed her course, and in the beginning of November, the flat sandy shores of the mainland being seen in the distance, there were various tokens by which a voyager might know he was approaching the chief of the Indian ports, the "city of palaces," the capital of the strange land of the Rajahs and Moguls—Calcutta. Quite a company of vessels were pursuing the same direction as the *Bentinck*, and among them were several East Indiamen of the largest size. Soon the sea seemed to lose its own colour, and the yellow tinge of the water told that the vessel was

now near the mouth of the mighty Ganges. On the 3rd of November the *Bentinck* entered that famous stream, and Madame Pfeiffer, in the enthusiasm of the moment, filled a glass from the holy river, and drank it to the health of her friends at home in Germany.

The Hoogly, one of the seven mouths of the Ganges, and that on which Calcutta stands, was entered the following morning, and our traveller was at last fairly in India. Low plains, apparently boundless, stretched along on each side of the river; fields of rice alternated with sugar plantations; bamboo and palm trees dotted the landscape here and there; and the rich vegetation extended to the water's edge. Afterwards half-naked men began to appear; and huts of clay, bamboo, or palm branches; and native boats, with their bows only half a foot above water while their sterns rose to the height of seven feet. For many miles below Calcutta the banks of the Hoogly are lined with the splendid palatial residences of the European merchants of the capital. These buildings are mostly in the Greco-Italian style of architecture—probably the style best fitted for the climate—and are provided with ample terraces resting on ranges of pillars, and forming cool piazzas. As the vessel steams up the river the houses become more frequent, and the bustle on the river increases. Steamer after steamer passes, tugging sailing-vessels after them; strange craft of every description pass or are passed; the scene becomes every

moment more bustling and more strange and foreign, and everything seems to announce that the traveller is approaching an Asiatic city of the first magnitude.

Madame Pfeiffer landed at Garden Reach, hired a palanquin, and was hurried off by the native bearers to the house of one of her countrymen, Herr Heilgers, to whom she had letters of introduction. The palanquins of Calcutta are five feet long and three feet high, are furnished with sliding doors and jalousies, and with mattresses and cushions, so that the inmate can lie down as in a bed. The appearance of the palanquins is not particularly cheerful, as they are painted black, and look like the chairs in which people afflicted with disease are taken to hospital. Herr Heilgers and his wife (both Germans) received Madame Pfeiffer with the utmost kindness; lodged her most luxuriously, placing a drawing-room, a bedroom, and a bath-room at her service, and setting the daintiest fare before her. This was somewhat better than eating roasted monkey and sleeping on a cloak in a Brazilian wilderness, or dining on stewed serpent in a Chinese hut.

In Calcutta the wealthy Europeans live in the greatest comfort and luxury. Each family rents an entire palace—for the houses here, like those in Venice and Florence, are named palaces—at the rate of £20 or more a month. The staff of servants comprises twenty-five or thirty persons. For every horse which the owner possesses he usually keeps one servant. The wages vary from 8s. to £1, 2s. a

month. None of the servants are boarded, and few of them sleep in the house. Some European families have from sixty to seventy servants, and from fifteen to twenty horses!

The Hindus are divided into several castes, and it was formerly impossible for a person of one caste to be received into another or to marry with one belonging to it. But regulations as to caste are not nearly so binding as they formerly were; and in the course of time, when distinctions of class shall have become commercial and political instead of hereditary, and when the Christian religion shall be more generally recognized, those regulations will be swept away.

Hindus are of the middle height, slim, and delicately formed, and have mild agreeable features. The face is oval, the nose sharply chiselled, the lips by no means thick, the eyes fine and soft, the hair smooth and black. Their complexion varies from dark to light brown; but among the upper classes some of the men and a number of the women are almost white.

Calcutta, with its 700,000 inhabitants—of whom about 15,000 are Europeans or of European extraction—is divided into three parts: the Business-town, the Black-town, and the European quarter. The first two are densely crowded, dirty, and full of close streets and wretched houses; the last is handsomely laid out, and contains many splendid residences. Government House, the residence of the Governor-General of India, is a magnificent building. There

is a "Strand" (*i.e.* shore of the river) in Calcutta as well as in London; and this quarter of the Indian capital is the fashionable drive for Europeans and wealthy natives. The famous "Black Hole" was at the time of Madame Pfeiffer's visit used as a warehouse. Within this miserable cell, of no more than twenty feet square, the Nabob of Bengal, Surajah Dowlah, after capturing the British garrison of the fort connected with the English factory at Calcutta, placed one hundred and forty-six of his prisoners, on the evening of the 18th June 1756. The cell was furnished with two windows, but owing to their small size, and to the circumstance that they were obstructed by a veranda, the current of air that entered by these openings was very inconsiderable. The crowding of so many persons within such a small, ill-ventilated place, occasioned dreadful sufferings. After a night of indescribable agony, it was found that the prisoners had all died with the exception of twenty-three; and when these were brought out into the open air, they "were the ghastliest forms ever seen on earth."

In the Botanical Garden Madame Pfeiffer saw two banyan trees. These trees belong to the fig species, and are remarkable from the circumstance that when the trunk is about fifteen feet high it throws out a number of horizontal branches, from which thread-like shoots descend to the ground, in which they take root and become after a time parent stems themselves. The process of sending out

branches with falling shoots is again repeated in the case of the young trees, and is continued on all sides; so that it is easy to understand how from a single tree an entire forest may be formed, connected throughout as one vast whole. One banyan tree is described as having 350 main trunks as thick as those of oak trees, together with over 3000 smaller stems. Beneath its shade 7000 people may find shelter. The tree is held sacred by the Hindus, altars are erected to the god Rama within its groves, and under its shade the Brahman or priest instructs his followers.

The Bishop's Palace is a splendid building. It contains a noble library richly stored with valuable works; which, however, do not appear to have been much read, for when Madame Pfeiffer pulled out a volume and opened it, she was suddenly obliged to throw it from her and rush to the other end of the room. A swarm of bees had flown out upon her from the bookcase!

Our traveller paid a visit to a rich nabob in Calcutta, and was received by the host at the door of his mansion, and conducted to the reception-room. The native gentleman was clad in a dress of thin white muslin, almost transparent; and a magnificent Indian shawl, which was wound around his waist, hung down to his feet. The reception-room was furnished in European fashion—a hand-organ and a bookcase being among the principal articles of furniture. The bookcase, which was stocked with

standard English works, seemed to be more for ornament than for use, for the two volumes of Byron's works were turned different ways, and Young's "Night Thoughts" was stuck in between them,—thus forming a sort of palatable poetical sandwich, the flavour of the one author being well fitted to correct that of the other.

The nabob introduced his children to the traveller. These were two handsome boys, of four and seven years of age respectively; and two daughters,—one a remarkable infant of six months, with fine large Eastern eyes, the eyelids of which were painted a deep blue,—the other a lady of nine years of age, already a bride, whose marriage day was fixed to come off in six weeks! The nabob graciously invited Madame Pfeiffer to the marriage. The European lady—who was twenty-three years of age when *she* married—remarked that surely her entertainer meant the betrothal only; but he assured her that his daughter was about to be actually married and handed over to her husband. He also informed his guest that the bride had not yet seen her husband, and that she would see him for the first time at the marriage.

Two ladies were then introduced—the nabob's wife and his sister-in-law. The former was twenty-five years of age, and like most of the Hindu wives—very fat. Both were dressed in white and blue muslin, so very thin that the shape of their limbs was clearly seen through it. They were overloaded

with gold, pearls, and diamonds; and their arms and legs were encircled with gold bracelets, chains, and rings.

The inner apartments of the house were furnished only with carpets and pillows, on which the ladies reclined and smoked tobacco out of pipes called hookahs. For this indulgence we may excuse them, for the wives of the rich Hindus are as much confined to the house and have as few pleasures as the Chinese women. They are only allowed to pay a visit now and then to some friend or relative, and in going and coming they are carefully closed up in a palanquin.

Before leaving the house, Madame Pfeiffer visited the room in which the annual religious festival called *Natch* is celebrated. During this festival, the most important one in the Hindu religion, neither poor nor rich do any business for a fortnight, and shops and warehouses are closed. It is celebrated with music, feasting, and dancing, before the statue of a goddess called Durga.

CHAPTER IX.

UP THE GANGES TO BENARES.

ON the morning of the 10th December Madame Pfeiffer embarked on board the steamer *General Macleod* on her voyage from Calcutta to Benares—a distance of nearly a thousand miles by water. In order to get into the Ganges, it was necessary to sail down the Hoogly from Calcutta to the sea, then to ascend through the Sunderbunds to the great river. The Sunderbunds are a number of low islands formed by the delta of the Ganges, and separated from each other by the many mouths of that stream. During the first few days the scenery was monotonous in the highest degree. No towns or villages were to be seen, and the eye wearied of the changeless flat banks and the jungles that lay beyond. Tigers abound in the Sunderbunds, and at night their roaring was heard. These tigers attack the natives if they happen to remain out late in the woods, and our traveller was shown the tattered fragment of a man's dress hung upon a bush, the owner of which had been torn to pieces at that place by a tiger. Crocodiles also abound

here, and are equally hostile to man. They are to be seen in herds of six or eight, sunning themselves on the slimy banks of the river, and looking frightful from their ugly shape and their enormous length, which is from six to fifteen feet.

Collisions of vessels frequently occur in these narrow channels of the Sunderbunds. The steamer in which Madame Pfeiffer sailed—the *General Macleod* — had several such mishaps. In one part of the river two native vessels were lying at anchor, and the crews had not time to change their position before the steamer was close upon them. The captain of the *General Macleod* thought there was room to pass, and in order to do so he turned the vessel's head in-shore. He had overshot his mark, for the steamer ran into the bushes, and several of the blinds of the cabin windows were left high and dry upon the branches. At this the captain was so enraged that he despatched two boats to cut the hawsers or anchor-ropes of the native vessels, and thus caused them to lose their anchors.

On the 15th December the vessel entered the Ganges, and the next evening she hove-to before a village, from which the inhabitants flocked forth offering provisions for sale to the passengers. A fine sheep was offered for eight shillings, eighteen fowls for two shillings, a fish weighing several pounds for three half-pence, eight eggs at the same price, and a pound of fine bread for a penny. The sight of

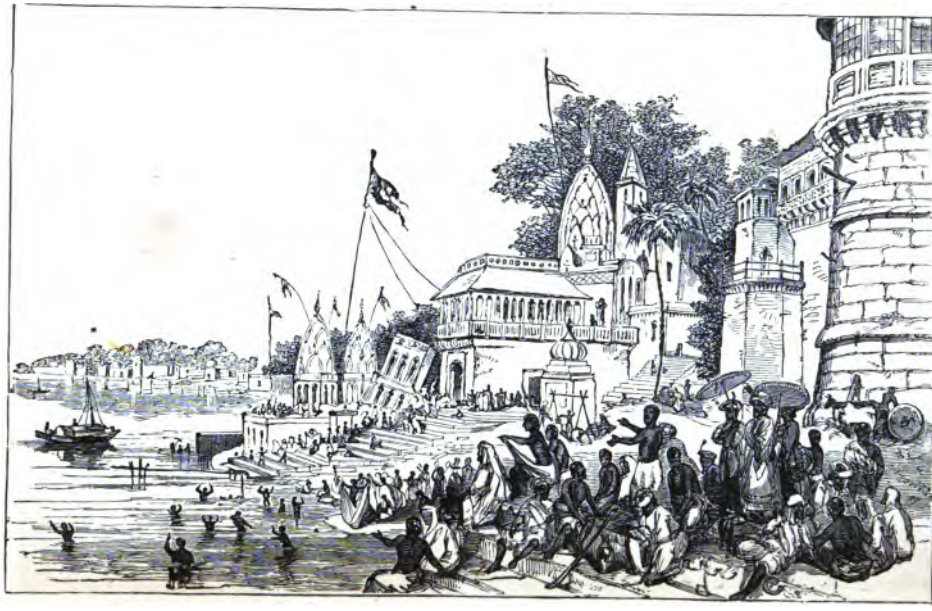
such excellent and cheap provision made Madame Pfeiffer grumble at the captain's charge of six shillings a-day for board. Arriving at the large village and coaling station of Rajmahal, the passengers landed, the younger people setting off into the splendid forests for a day's shooting. In the vicinity of Rajmahal there are whole forests of cocoa-palms. This is perhaps the most useful tree in the world. Its fruit is large and nutritious, and contains excellent milk; its leaves are used for roofing houses, and cordage, mats, woven stuffs, and a hundred useful articles are made from materials which it supplies.

On the 24th of December the great city of Patna, with nearly 300,000 inhabitants, was reached; and on the 28th the steamer anchored at the "holy" Benares. This is the most sacred city of India. It is to the Hindus what Mecca is to Mohammedans and Rome to Catholics. So profound is the belief of the Hindus in the sacredness of the place, that they say any man, whatever be his religion, will be saved if he only remain within its walls for twenty-four hours! To be saved on such easy terms attracts of course an immense number of pilgrims—from 300,000 to 400,000 annually; and the trade and gifts which these bring to Benares have made it one of the wealthiest cities in India.

As seen from the river, from which the defects of the city are not observable, Benares has a handsome appearance. Magnificent flights of steps lead up from

the brink of the Ganges to the houses, the palaces, and the artistically built gateways. These steps, which extend along a line of two miles, have been built at an enormous cost, and the stones used in their construction might have built a large town. In the best part of the city there are numerous antique palaces, in the Moorish, Gothic, and Hindu styles; and the beautiful gates of these, and the fronts covered with arabesque and sculptured work, attest the refinement of taste and the fine architectural skill of the Indians. Innumerable temples bear witness to the wealth and piety of the inhabitants of the sacred city. Every wealthy resident has a temple or small tower attached to his house. These are elegant in shape, and are covered with carved pinnacles, columns, pyramids, foliage, and niches. Many of the towers and temples that stand close to the banks of the Ganges are partly in ruins; for the river undermines the foundation, and the weight of the edifices causes them to sink in the soft earth, and sometimes to tumble to the ground in shapeless masses.

Every Hindu bathes at least once a day, and the morning is the usual time. Sunrise on the Ganges at Benares presents a spectacle the like of which is nowhere else to be seen in the world. As the sun rises over the Indian city thousands of Hindus crowd down to the banks of the river. Stepping in, they throw three handfuls of water upon their heads, and with their faces turned towards the sun, they



HINDU ABLUTIONS.

repeat their prayers. It is computed that 50,000 of these bathers enter the Ganges daily. At the time of the festival of Mala, which attracts a greater number of pilgrims than any other festival throughout the year, the flights of steps which lead down to the sacred stream are crowded with multitudes of human beings, and the surface of the river is covered with black spots—viz., the heads of the bathers.

In the interior of the city the streets are for the most part dirty and ugly, and many of them are so narrow that they scarcely afford room enough for a palanquin to pass. At the corner of almost every house stands an image of the god Siva, one of the members of the Hindu Trinity; the other two members being Brahma and Vishnu. The bull is here, as in all parts of India, considered a sacred animal, and is never slaughtered. There are numerous images of bulls in the temples of Benares; and a number of living white bulls are boarded and lodged in the temples, and allowed to roam about through the streets at discretion. These creatures often cause confusion in the narrow streets. The people turn reverently out of their way, and frequently give them fodder. When the bulls die they receive the same honours as the Hindus themselves—their bodies are either burned or thrown into the river.

The Mosque of Aurungzebe, at Benares, is famous on account of its two minarets, which are each 150 feet high, and are said to be the most slender in the

world. The famous "Needles" of Cleopatra are thick compared with them. Up through each of these slender minarets winds a narrow stair leading to the top, upon which is a small platform surrounded by a balustrade only a foot high. The immense height of the minarets, and the narrowness of the platform at the top, are apt to produce dizziness in the visitor who ventures on the ascent. Madame Pfeiffer ventured upon everything that came in her way, and of course she ascended one of the minarets.

Besides sacred bulls there is a troop of sacred apes at this holy city—most amusing and charming animals. The apes are located chiefly in a group of immense mango trees in the suburbs. On the occasion of Madame Pfeiffer's visit, she sent her servant for some food for them; and when he returned with the food, and called the apes, they came springing and tumbling towards him out of the mango trees and from the roofs of the neighbouring houses. In a moment our lady traveller and her servant were surrounded by hundreds of them, and it was amusing to see them scrambling and fighting in the most comical manner for the fruits and grain. The largest or oldest of them acted as commander, and when a real quarrel arose he rushed forward and soundly thrashed both combatants, showing them his teeth, and muttering a warning in the monkey language; which must have been couched in the strongest terms, for it

never failed to restore peace. The merry, nimble creatures were generally more than two feet high, and their skin was of a dirty yellow colour.

For the first time in her life our traveller saw an indigo plantation in the vicinity of Benares. The

INDIGO PLANTATION.

indigo plant grows to the height of from one to three feet, and has delicate bluish-green leaves. In the harvest, which is generally in August, the plants are cut down pretty low on the principal stem, tied together in bundles, and thrown into large wooden vats. The bundles are then covered with planks weighted with stones; and, water being poured over them, fermentation commences after a certain

time. The fermentation is the nice point, the only real difficulty in making indigo, and everything depends upon its continuance for the proper length of time. When the water has become of a dark green colour, it is transferred to other vats, lime is added, and the whole is stirred with wooden spades until a blue deposit takes place. After being allowed to settle, the water is poured off, and the deposit is put into long linen bags, through which the water filters. As soon as the indigo has become dry and solid, it is broken in pieces and packed.

Before leaving Benares, Madame Pfeiffer was presented to the Rajah, whose residence was on the other side of the river, and a little distance above the city. A handsomely ornamented boat conveyed her to the further shore, and she was carried thence to the palace in a palanquin. Passing through the lofty, majestic gateway, she was conducted into the reception-room, which was furnished in the European fashion, and adorned with a number of miserable pictures in splendid frames. The Rajah and his brother now entered, richly dressed in wide trousers and tunics of satin embroidered with gold. The Rajah's silk cuffs were also embroidered with gold and had an edging of diamonds; he wore a number of brilliant rings on his fingers; and his silk shoes were covered with beautiful gold embroidery. The younger prince was also a wonder of magnificence in costume. His white turban was clasped with diamonds and pearls; pearls hung from his ears;

and rich massive bracelets adorned his wrists. Both were exceedingly polite and lively.

A natsch dance was the first entertainment provided for the stranger. The two female dancers were dressed in gay gold-embroidered muslin, with wide silk trousers which reached the ground and covered their bare feet. Musicians standing behind provided a kind of music which was destitute of all melody; and the dancers moved to the sound with their arms, hands, and fingers more than with their feet, on which they wore silver bells, which they rung at intervals. Their motions, however, were very graceful. After the dance, Madame Pfeiffer was delighted with a ride on an elephant to the gardens of the Rajah. She mounted by means of a ladder, and took her seat in what looked like a phaeton without wheels, while behind her sat a servant holding an enormous umbrella over her head. The gardens were by no means fine, but of course the lady felt gratified.

For many years no one had died in the Rajah's palace, and this was accounted for in a rather curious way. One of the former rulers once asked a Brahman or priest what would become of the soul of any one who died in the palace, and received for answer that it would go to heaven. The Rajah repeated the question ninety-nine times, and the answer was still the same. But on asking the hundredth time, the Brahman lost patience, and said that it would go into a donkey. Since that time every one, from the prince to the meanest servant, leaves

FAKIR.

the palace as soon as he feels his health affected. None of them are desirous of maintaining in the next

life the character they may have sustained in this one.

During our traveller's stay at Benares she had more than one opportunity of observing the Fakirs, a class of devotees in India, numbers of whom become martyrs by choice, and impose upon themselves most horrible tortures. They sometimes stick an iron hook into their flesh and have themselves swung up in the air, where, at the height of twenty or thirty feet above ground, they often remain for a long time. Madame Pfeiffer once observed one of these fanatics who seemed to consider that he should gain the favour of the gods by standing for a long time in a stooping attitude, holding an axe above his head. She watched him for more than a quarter of an hour, and during that time he never moved a limb. Another was engaged in a more comical manner. He sat on the ground holding his toe to his nose! These creatures have now nearly all disappeared from India, and the spread of intelligence, education, and Christian truth will ere long put an end to their career.

CHAPTER X.

ALLAHABAD, AGRA, AND DELHI.

ON the 7th January 1848, Madame Pfeiffer set out for Allahabad in a dawk; that is, a post-palanquin which is borne along from stage to stage—each stage being from nine to eleven miles—by fresh sets of bearers provided at the respective stages by the post-master. With this personage a bargain is made before setting out. After travelling about thirteen hours, the journey of seventy-six miles was completed, and Allahabad was reached. This city stands partly on the Ganges and partly on its great affluent the Jumna. Though one of the sacred cities, and visited by many pilgrims, it is not one of the largest or handsomest. Within the fort of Allahabad is a small temple, considered very sacred by the Hindus, who grieve much that they are not allowed to worship in it, as the fort is not open to them. A rich Hindu came here and offered £2000 to be allowed to worship in the temple, but the splendid offer was rejected. After remaining two days in Allahabad, where she found nothing very attractive, Madame

Pfeiffer continued her journey to Agra, which she reached on the 13th January. This city is remarkable for its historical associations, and for the number and splendour of its public buildings, its mosques, and monuments. The Mausoleum of the Sultan Akbar has a porch which is an amazingly beautiful example of design and decoration. The building is square, is of four stories, and at each of the corners is a minaret of white marble. The palace of the Mongolian Sultan is another strikingly magnificent edifice. Its rooms are inlaid with agates, jaspers, onyxes, cornelian and lapis-lazuli—a valuable blue mineral. There are two rooms constructed without windows, and used to show the effects of illumination. The walls and arched roofs are inlaid with mica slate in silver frames; fountains splash over glass walls, and even without lights the chambers sparkle and glitter marvellously. But their effect at night, when a thousand lamps gleam against the water and the glittering walls, is such as to enable us to understand the imaginative descriptions of fairy palaces in the "Arabian Nights."

The houses of the town vary from one to four stories, and are built of red sandstone; the streets are generally crooked and ugly. The last of the sights which Madame Pfeiffer beheld here was the lovely mausoleum called Taj-Mehal, the glory of Agra, and indeed of all India. It was built by the Emperor Shah Jehan as a resting-place for the remains of his favourite wife, and it is said to have

cost £750,000! It stands in the centre of a garden, upon a terrace of red sandstone, and consists of a mosque with lofty arched entrances,—the whole

TAJ-MEHAL.

built of white marble, as also are the four elegant minarets which stand at the corners of the terrace. The principal dome rises to the height of 260 feet, and is surrounded by four smaller ones. The sarcophagi, which contain the remains of the Sultan

and his favourite wife, are surrounded by marble lattice-work, so delicate and finely wrought that it looks as if it had been cut or turned out of ivory.

Eighteen miles from Agra are the ruins of the town of Fattipore Sikri. This town, formerly a dwelling-place of the Sultan Akbar, is full of the ruins of buildings—which, for beauty of design, artistic decoration, and richness of sculptured ornament, are not surpassed in India—and has long been utterly deserted. It is the Pompeii of India.

The 19th of January saw Madame Pfeiffer again on the road, and on the 20th she arrived at the famous Delhi. The city is called New Delhi, though it is two hundred and forty years old. Its streets are finer than those of any Indian town Madame Pfeiffer had visited. The two principal streets are about a hundred feet wide, and a mile long. The best houses, however, and the most showy shops, are to be seen, not in the main streets, but in the by-streets near the bazaar. The manufactures of gold and silver work seen here are equal, if not superior, to anything of the kind produced in Paris. The fabrics woven with gold and silk embroidery are of the highest degree of perfection. The finest Cashmere shawls made here cost £400 each!

It is extremely interesting to walk about the streets of Delhi in the evening. At that time the modes of life of the rich and the poor Indians may be observed. The nobles, of whom there are an immense number in Delhi, are fond of going out to ride

in the streets in the evening; and their appearance gives animation and interest to the scene. When they go out during the day, which they very frequently do, the elephants upon which they ride are decorated in the most costly style with rugs, fine gaily-coloured cloths, gold lace, and fringe. In the seat which is bound to the elephant's back, and which is called a houdah, the noble or prince reclines, dressed in gorgeous Oriental costume. A long procession of elephants makes a most splendid spectacle, and such a procession is generally followed by foot and horse soldiers, and by many servants. In the evenings the nobles and princes do not appear with the same pomp. They are then generally on horseback, the horses being of the noble Arabian breed, and richly caparisoned. Jugglers, mountebanks, and serpent-charmers wander about, and gather crowds about them everywhere. Madame Pfeiffer saw the most astonishing tricks performed by jugglers. One poured out fire and smoke from his mouth, then mixed up white, red, yellow, and blue powders together, swallowed the mixture, and immediately spat out each powder separate from the others, and dry. Another turned his eyes downward, and when he raised them again the pupils appeared as of gold; he then bent his head forward, and on raising it his eyes had their natural colour and his teeth were gold. Others made a small opening in their skin, and drew out of it yards of thread, silk cord, and narrow ribbons. The serpent-charmers

DELHI.

held the serpents by their tails, and allowed them to twine all over their bodies.

The Imperial Palace of Delhi is one of the finest buildings in Asia. Excellent taste is displayed throughout the building, and the richest and most beautiful decoration is everywhere seen. The handsomest parts are the audience saloon and the mosque. Within the palace is the largest crystal in the world. It is four feet long, two and a half broad, and one foot thick. The Delhi College is a beautiful as well as a useful institution. There are also numerous mosques, all resembling each other, and very like the mosques seen in other Indian cities.

CHAPTER XI.

DELHI TO BOMBAY.

THE route which Madame Pfeiffer chose from Delhi to Bombay was that which leads past the famous rock temples of Adjunta and Ellora. Her friends endeavoured to dissuade her from undertaking this great journey, and rather excited her apprehensions by their terrible accounts of the Thugs, or Stranglers, who at that time infested India; and, indeed, still infest the districts in which British influence is not effectively exerted. It is sometimes said that the Thugs are a religious sect, and that robbery and murder are acts of religion with them; yet, in answer to inquiries regarding them made by Madame Pfeiffer, it was asserted on all hands that hatred, revenge, or the desire of gain, and not religious fanaticism, prompted those murders for which they are universally known and abhorred. But the highest authorities on this question, who must be supposed to be more fully informed upon the point than the people of whom Madame Pfeiffer made her inquiries, state unhesitatingly that the Thugs are a body of religious

fanatics, addicted to murder and robbery, professedly in honour of the goddess Kali, the wife of Shiva. The rapidity and dexterity, the cleverness, so to speak, of the Thugs in the practice of their abominable trade is remarkable. They will follow their victim for months, but when the opportunity does occur, the dreadful work is finished in an instant. A rope or cloth is thrown around the neck of the victim, the noose is pulled tight with terrific force, and the head is crushed forward by two Thugs, while a third seizes one of the unfortunate traveller's legs, and brings him to the ground. Often before the victim is brought down the fatal injury has been received. It is almost impossible to guard against Thugs. They disguise themselves as merchants, travellers, &c., and they always go in bands. When any "work" is to be done, they assemble at the nearest village from different routes, as if they had never seen each other before, endeavour to get into conversation with the man they mean to murder, and offer to accompany him on his way. Should the traveller seem disinclined to travel with them, they follow him when he sets out, and, when an opportunity occurs, they dart upon him with their noose, murder and rob him, and bury his body in some spot where it is not likely to be looked for. Thugism has not yet disappeared, but it is dying out.

With a sorrowful heart Madame Pfeiffer left Delhi, where she had been staying with a German

family, and had experienced great kindness. With the courage that characterized all she did, however, she mounted her bullock-cart, heedless of the Thug stories she had heard, and, depending upon her usual good fortune and her pistols, she bade her driver make a start. The first two nights were passed in caravansaries, or inns, in which the accommodation was miserable. The length of the travellers' room was only seven feet; and the doorway, which had no door, was only four feet high. The private servant which Madame Pfeiffer's German friends in Delhi had sent with her as a guard laid himself down across the entrance of the cell; but he must have been a sound sleeper, for he heard nothing of a stout battle which took place in the middle of the night between Madame Pfeiffer and an enormous dog that had been attracted by the smell of her provision-basket, and in which the lady was victorious.

Near the town of Balamgalam our traveller saw dozens of peacocks, of a larger size and of much more brilliant plumage than those of Europe, and so tame that they came from the trees upon which they were sitting into the fields, and even into the towns, to take the food which the kindly natives offered them. But all animals in India live on wonderfully familiar terms with man. There seems to be an excellent understanding between man and the lower animals in India. The reason for this is, that the Hindus believe that when they die their souls pass into the

bodies of animals. So that to a Hindu animals are much more revered than with us. How does he know but that the soul of some dear friend or relative has passed into the body of that peacock! He therefore feeds the peacock; and if the soul of his friend does not dwell in the fowl, some soul perhaps does; and, in any case, a good deed is never thrown away. A provoked Hindu advances to his obstinate donkey and threatens to beat him; but will he strike? No. How can he tell but that his own grandfather is looking out at him through the animal's pleading eyes!

As Madame Pfeiffer proceeded on her way, she frequently suffered anxiety from the wild, warlike appearance of the natives. On one occasion she found herself surrounded by rough-looking men, armed with sabres, bows and arrows, match-locks (old-fashioned guns), heavy clubs bound with iron, and shields of iron-plate. But she never lost courage, for she knew well how to manage in a case of difficulty; she had great self-reliance, and she had always a feeling when on this journey that her last hours were not yet come.

There is a belief among the Hindus and Mohammedans, that by the erection of public works and benevolent institutions for the benefit of their fellow-men, they may the more easily attain future happiness. And, working upon this belief, it is common for them to plant groves of trees, and dig wells beneath their shade, along the great highways,

for the comfort and use of travellers. One little circumstance slightly detracts from the traveller's delight in these wells. The natives wash and bathe in them, as well as draw their drinking water from them! But in the wastes of India one is not so particular as in a European city. A scorching sun and a parching thirst do away with many scruples; and Madame Pfeiffer filled her drinking-jug at these wells as well as other people!

After passing the small town of Indergur on the 9th of February, our traveller saw a number of small kiosks on the hill-tops. They had been placed there in memory of the suttees. The word *suttee* means a virtuous woman, and is applied to those women who, when their husbands die, lay themselves upon the funeral pile with the dead body, and are burned with it. Suttee also means the practice of burning widows on the same pile with the bodies of their dead husbands. Widows are not compelled to burn themselves to death in this way; but when they do not, their relatives neglect and insult them so much, that the poor women in most cases go to the pile of their own free consent. When this barbarous act takes place, the woman is handsomely dressed and ornamented, and generally stupefied so thoroughly with opium as hardly to know or care what she is doing. As soon as she mounts the pile of wood and throws herself upon the corpse of her husband, the wood is lighted on all sides at once; and at the same time, to drown the screams of the wretched creature, a

SUTTEE.

deafening noise is made by the musicians who are always in attendance on such an occasion; and the crowd also shout and sing at the highest pitch. The suttee, though strictly prohibited by the British Government, still occasionally takes place; but, like Thugism and the practice of sacrificing human beings, it is already disappearing, and will soon be altogether rooted out.

After being thirteen days on her journey, Madame Pfeiffer approached the town of Kotah, one of the chief towns of Rajpootana. On the following day the native king sent her a present of a large quantity of fruits and sweetmeats, together with his own elephant, an officer on horseback, and some soldiers for her use, should she require them. The lady was very soon seated on the houdah, and trotting away into Kotah. The town is divided into three parts, one of which is inhabited by the poor, and is wretched; the other parts are very comfortable. The houses were peculiar in construction. The first floors of many of them consisted of open saloons, supported by rows of pillars, and were used either as shops or places of business, or as commodious lounges for idlers, who sat here smoking hookahs and watching the bustle of the street outside. Of other houses, the front walls were covered with terrific pictures of dragons, tigers, and lions, twice as large as life, deities, flowers, arabesques, &c.

In the innermost part of the town stands the palace

of the king. This potentate frequently hunts tigers, but after a peculiar fashion. He and his friends get up into a tower situated on an eminence by the river-side, and his officers and slaves beat up the whole country around, driving the tigers toward the tower. As soon as the beasts come within shot, the king and his company of daring hunters boldly fire upon them from the top of the tower! As may be imagined, few accidents occur in the kind of tiger-hunting here practised.

The costume of the ladies in this quarter is peculiar. They are overloaded with jewellery; wear gold and silver rings, or, if they cannot afford these, rings of bone, horn, or glass beads, on the fingers, arms, and feet. Bells are attached to their feet, and when they walk you can hear them at the distance of sixty paces. Besides rings on their fingers, they wear rings on their toes, and a large ring hangs from their nose down on their chin! This ring requires to be tied up during meals.

Leaving Kotah on the 14th, Madame Pfeiffer came on the following day to a small village surrounded by mountains. Here she found a group of tents belonging to an English family whom she expected to see here, and to whom she had introductions. Terribly fatigued with her long ride on a camel's back, Madame Pfeiffer passed quickly into one of the tents, and, taking possession of a divan, lay down to rest. Scarcely had she done so when a servant maid came into the tent, and, without saying

a word, commenced kneading her with her hands, and pressing her all over the body from head to foot. The tired traveller at once objected to such treatment, declining to be kneaded like a piece of dough. But the maid-servant explained that it had the most refreshing effect after fatigue. For a quarter of an hour the kneading went on, and certainly she found herself much refreshed by it. This custom of pressing the body all over with the hands is common in India, and indeed all over the East.

The travelling arrangements of the English family, to whom Madame Pfeiffer was soon after introduced, were of the most complete kind. The tents were so large that they contained two or more rooms, and these were elegantly furnished. When travelling, the custom was to rise at three o'clock in the morning, and, after a ride of four or five hours, either on horseback or in a palanquin, to dismount and have breakfast. The cook and the tents always preceded them, and at every stage the travellers found their movable canvas house erected and ready to receive them, while hot victuals steamed on the tables, and everything looked as if the tent were a permanent, established house, not the covering which they had slept in last night, thirty miles off.

Passing through a country parched up by the sun, but in which there were many thriving plantations of poppies, flax, corn, cotton, &c., Madame Pfeiffer approached the town of Udjein. From the poppies

is made opium, a most important article of trade in the East. Household work is curiously divided in India, and the lot of the women in this part of the world, and among coloured people generally, is not so hard as it is said to be. In India the men wash and do up the family linen, carry wood, water, and all the heavy burdens, besides supporting their wives and families by working at their trades. It is seldom necessary for the women to take part in outdoor labour. In harvest time they are sometimes seen in the fields, but only the lighter kind of work is left for them to do.

Udjein, or Ujain, one of the seven sacred cities of Hindustan, and one of the oldest and best built cities in the country, was the next stage at which Madame Pfeiffer rested. The houses here are remarkable for their size, and the uncommonly fine execution of their wood carvings. They are painted on the outside with a dark brown oil-colour, and the town has therefore a somewhat dismal appearance. The streets are broad, and the bazaars very extensive, and so overcrowded with men that there is often a dead-lock in them, transit from one part to another being rendered impossible by the crowd. On the occasion of our traveller's visit to this town an important market was being held, and although intoxicating drinks were used on all hands, not a single case of drunkenness came under the stranger's notice. The people here are temperate, though there are no temperance societies.

On the 21st February Indore was reached, and here Madame Pfeiffer, though now her clothes were faded and shabby, and her whole appearance was somewhat odd, was received by the British resident with the utmost cordiality. The magnificence of everything at the residency astonished the traveller. The palace of the resident is a building of great beauty, and its saloons are unusually large and richly furnished. During dinner a well-trained band of musicians played some fine overtures, and also a number of familiar German airs in honour of the guest—a piece of delicate attention which proved the gentlemanly courtesy and excellent taste of the host. How sweet those German airs, played to a solitary wandering German with half the world between her and her fatherland!

The royal palace of Indore stands in the middle of the town. Its exterior is completely covered with frescoes, and its front rises in the form of a pyramid to the height of six stories. In the first story a fine open saloon is appropriated to the use of a number of sacred oxen! Opposite this saloon is the reception-room, in which Madame Pfeiffer was presented to the then reigning queen and to her adopted son.

The journey south to Bombay was again resumed; and one stage of it led across terrible wastes and tiger-haunted jungles. When crossing the jungles the oxen that dragged the traveller's waggon stopped, and remained as if fixed to the ground, trembling

violently. The servants now became afraid, and began to shout "*Bach, bach!*" which is the native word for "tiger." Madame Pfeiffer ordered a fire to be kindled at once, and the wild animals, who are afraid of fire, slunk away. In this part of the country scarcely a night passes without an ox, horse, or goat being carried away by tigers.

Early in March, Adjunta with its famous rock temples was reached. These temples, twenty-seven in number, have been cut out of tall perpendicular cliffs, and are works of incredible labour and patience. The temples are full of great pillars, and are adorned with gigantic figures in every position. Some of these are eighteen feet in height, and nearly reach the roof, which is twenty-four feet high. The enormous number and remarkable beauty of the sculptures and reliefs on the columns, capitals, friezes, gateways, and even on the roofs of the temples, are astonishing, and the variety of the designs and devices is inexhaustible. In one of these temples is a figure of a sleeping Buddha, twenty-one feet in length, cut out of the solid rock. Remains of paintings are still to be seen on the walls, ceilings, and pillars; and even yet the colours are brighter and fresher than those of many modern works of art. These wonderful temples are of unknown date; all record of their age has been lost.

From Adjunta, Madame Pfeiffer went to see Ellora with its still more remarkable rock temples; but instead of seeing Ellora on that day, she saw a tiger

hunt. She had scarcely set out on her day's journey when she met a number of Europeans coming towards her, seated upon elephants. The gentlemen invited Madame Pfeiffer to go with them and witness the hunt, if such sport would not frighten her too much.

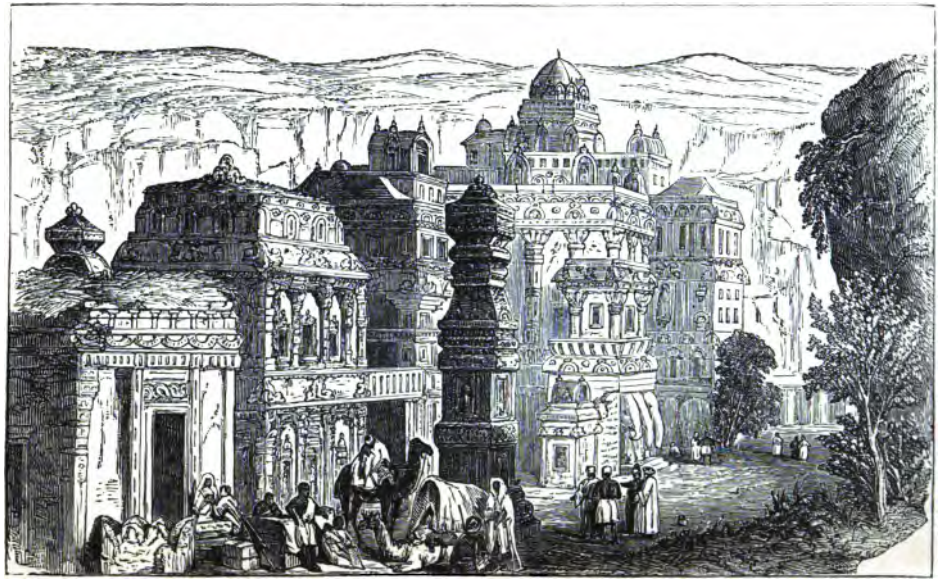
TIGER HUNT.

But the lady was not very easily frightened, and in a few minutes she was seated in a houdah on an elephant's back, in company with two European gentlemen and a native, who was there for the purpose of loading the guns. The gentlemen gave

Madame Pfeiffer a long knife, that she might be able to defend herself in the event of the tiger springing upon the houdah.

They were close upon the lair of the animal, when suddenly the natives, speaking softly but earnestly, cried "*Bach, bach!*" and pointed with their fingers to some brushwood. Our traveller looked, and she had no sooner caught sight of two flaming eyes glaring out of one of the bushes, than the gentlemen fired. The tiger, struck by several balls, now rushed maddened upon the hunters. He made such tremendous springs that Madame Pfeiffer every instant expected he would reach the houdah and pick off one of them. The sight of the maddened animal springing wildly at his assailants was terrible to see, and the state of affairs was by no means improved by the appearance of another tiger upon the scene. Shot now followed shot rapidly, the tigers springing at the elephants' trunks, and the elephants protecting them by throwing them up or drawing them in. Half an hour of fighting, and then all was over, and two magnificent tigers lay dead among the long jungle grass. The animals were stripped of their skins, and one of these was offered to Madame Pfeiffer, who was obliged to refuse it, as she had not time to stay in the locality till it should be properly dried.

Next day Madame Pfeiffer carried out her intention of visiting the rock-cut temples of Ellora. Besides many small temples, there are nineteen large ones in



ROCK TEMPLES OF ELLORA.

this locality. Some of these are cave-temples or chambers cut out in the interior of the rock; others are vast buildings cut out of the solid stone, having exterior as well as interior architecture, and consisting, in fact, of a single immense stone hollowed out and sculptured. The most beautiful and extraordinary of these is the temple of Kailasa. Its antechamber, into which the traveller is ushered as soon as he enters, is 138 feet wide by 88 feet deep, and is adorned with numerous rows of columns. All the halls of the temples are furnished with sculptures and gigantic figures of animals; but the real magnificence of Kailasa consists in the rich and beautiful sculptures and the tastefully executed arabesques with which the exterior is ornamented, and the numerous fine pinnacles and niches which have been cut out on the tower. Before the principal entrance, which is approached by flights of steps, are the figures of two elephants, of more than life-size. This immense temple stands clear from the cliff from which it has been cut, and indeed is separated from it by a passage 100 feet broad.

The famous rock fortress of Dowlutabad was the next object which attracted the traveller's attention. This fortress is about 500 feet high, and is quite perpendicular for the upper two-thirds of its height. Its effect is all the more imposing from the circumstance that it stands upon a plain, there being no other eminence nearer than three thousand yards from it.

Madame Pfeiffer arrived at the town of Puna in March, the month in which the natives here prefer to celebrate their marriages, and she had an opportunity of seeing many merry marriage processions in the streets. The bridegroom, among the lower classes, comes to the house of the bride, followed by his relatives and friends. He is dressed in a purple mantle, and his turban is decked out with gold tinsel, ribbons, tassels, &c. He is denied admittance, for the doors and windows of the bride's dwelling are securely closed. He waits outside till the evening, when he departs. Soon after he leaves, the women who have been invited to the marriage enter the bride's house, bring her forth closely veiled, and, placing her in a waggon, conduct her to the bridegroom's mansion, in front of which music is played up to a late hour at night.

On the 17th March our traveller was in sight of the wished-for ocean, and she knew that now her long and fatiguing overland journey was nearly completed. She had passed through a number of alarming scenes in the course of her wanderings in India, but the greatest trial of all was still to be undergone. The driver of her waggon was a foolish-looking fellow, who would often turn round and stare at her for minutes together in a way that she could not understand. Having a servant with her, however, who always walked by the side of the waggon, she was not in the least afraid of this person. One morning her servant had gone on to the next

station without her consent, and she found herself without possible protection, and on a lonely part of the road. After some time, the driver got down from the waggon, and walked behind it, carrying in his hand the hatchet which men of his trade take with them when they set out on a journey. The lady watched him, but without betraying any signs of fear. She drew her mantle towards her, and rolled it together, that she might protect her head with it should the suspicious-looking wretch attempt to strike her. He then got up on his seat in the front, and stared at her; then, getting down again, he followed the waggon, carrying the hatchet in his hand as before. After an hour of suspense, Madame Pfeiffer was glad to see him lay aside the weapon, seat himself in the front, and content himself with gaping at her vacantly from time to time until the station was reached. She never allowed her servant to be absent from the waggon again.

On the morning of the 19th of March, Madame Pfeiffer found herself at last safe in Bombay. This magnificent city and seaport, second only to Calcutta, is the chief seat of commerce for the produce and manufactures of India, the Malay Peninsula, Persia, Arabia, and Abyssinia, and contains about 600,000 inhabitants. It is situated at the south end of an island of the same name, and is built on a level along the sea-shore. It consists of the fortified European town, and of the much more extensive

Black Town, these quarters being separated from each other by the esplanade, with the barracks and railway station. The European town has wide, handsome, well-watered streets; and contains a bazaar, which is of great interest from the wonderful variety of people —Hindus, Portuguese, Mohammedans, Persians, Jews, Arabs, Negroes, British, &c.—which are to be seen in it. After the English, the most influential class of the inhabitants are the Parsees or Persians, descendants of fire-worshippers driven at an early period from their home in Persia by the Mohammedans, but still preserving their distinctive forms of religion. The Parsees are remarkably industrious and hard-working; and as they are also well-disposed and benevolent, there are no poor—no beggars, at least—among them, and all appear to be prosperous. The handsome houses in which the Europeans reside almost all belong to them: they are also the largest owners of land; the carriages in which they ride are the most expensive and beautiful, and their households comprise great numbers of servants. Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, the most widely-known Parsee in the world, was a man equally remarkable for his sagacity as a merchant, and for his humanity, benevolence, and zeal for the public good. Between the years 1822 and 1858, he gave away the enormous sum of £250,000 for benevolent institutions alone. So wide and generous was the philanthropy of this great merchant, that he scattered his benefits upon Parsee, Christian, Hindu, and Mussulman, without

partiality. The fame of his munificence at length reached Europe, and Queen Victoria conferred on him the honour of a baronetcy—a dignity which he was the first Eastern to enjoy. He died in April 1859, and was succeeded in the baronetcy by his son.

The creed of the Parsees may be said to consist of purity of thought, word, and deed. Its details, however, are very complicated, and are wanting in the beautiful simplicity of Christianity. The sun being the source of light, they pray with their faces turned towards it every morning at dawn; and whenever they pray—which, according to their religion, they ought frequently to do—they are enjoined to turn their faces to that luminary, or to a fire. The Parsee religion is at present undergoing important modifications, and soon such peculiarities of it as are most barbarous will be swept away.

Among the Parsees, dead bodies are not buried, but are taken to the Dokma—*i. e.*, Tower of Silence—where they are exposed on a grating to the attacks of birds of prey, and to the influences of dew and sunshine. When the flesh has disappeared, the bones fall through the grating, and are afterwards gathered up and buried in a cavern.

In all the temples of the Parsees the holy fire is kept continually burning; and it is asserted that the fire which is kept burning in the principal temple of Bombay, was lighted in Persia at that

which Zoroaster four thousand years ago brought down from heaven!

Madame Pfeiffer was invited to the house of a rich and intelligent Parsee, and by him was conducted to the houses of several of his friends, that she might, in some degree at least, become acquainted with the mode of life in Parsee families. She found the rooms furnished in European fashion. The dress of the ladies was like that of the wealthy Hindus, but more decorous, as the muslin of which it chiefly consisted was not transparent, and trousers were worn. When visiting, or on the occasion of a festival, the jewellery worn by Parsee women often amounts in value to £10,000; and even children of only seven or eight months old wear finger-rings and bracelets of pearls and precious stones! A Parsee is allowed to have only one wife; and the having of a wife and a son in this life is believed to secure happiness to a man in the life to come.

In one house which she visited, Madame Pfeiffer was allowed to sit in the room during dinner—a great liberty for a Parsee to grant. She was not allowed, however, to sit at table with the family. Her food was placed upon a separate table, and she ate alone, surprising the natives very much by making use of a knife and fork. The Parsees then commenced their meal. They tore the flesh from the bones of the meat with their fingers, dipped the pieces into the various soups and sauces, and

then threw them into their mouths so adroitly that they did not touch their lips with their fingers. If one does accidentally do so, he is obliged to get up and wash his hand again, or else eat only out of the dish from which he was eating when he touched his mouth. In drinking, the cup is not put to the lips, but the liquid is cleverly poured into the open mouth. They all wash before sitting down to food.

ROCK TEMPLE, ELEPHANTA.

In the Island of Elephanta, which is six or eight miles from Bombay, there are several rock temples, resembling those at Adjunta and Ellora, filled with statues and figures representing persons and whole

scenes from the Hindu mythology. But the rock temples of Elephanta, and of the neighbouring Island of Salsetta, are much inferior to those of Adjunta and Ellora in magnitude and in the artistic merit of their decorations.

CHAPTER XII.

BOMBAY TO BAGDAD, BABYLON, AND NINEVEH.

HAVING secured a place on board the small steamer *Sir Charles Forbes*, which carried forty-five of a crew, besides one hundred and twenty-four passengers, mostly Persians, Mohammedans, and Arabs, Madame Pfeiffer set sail from Bombay for Bassorah, a river-port of Turkey in Asia, on the 23rd April. On the 11th May the steamer reached the head of the Persian Gulf, and entered the famous stream called the Shatt-el-Arab (*i. e.*, River of the Arabs), which is formed by the junction of the great rivers Euphrates and Tigris. At Bassorah, which stands on the west bank of the Shatt-el-Arab, the steamer anchored, and the passengers landed. It was extremely entertaining to watch the landing of the Persian women. Had they been beauties of the highest order, or princesses from the Sultan's harem, greater care could not have been taken to conceal their charms from the gaze of men. But among the whole eighteen there was not even one really good-looking. Madame Pfeiffer had got a glimpse of them in the cabin, and

a finer show of plain and ugly women she had not often witnessed. The husbands of these women formed themselves in two rows leading down from the ship's side, and held up large cloths, which they stretched out before them so as to form a sort of

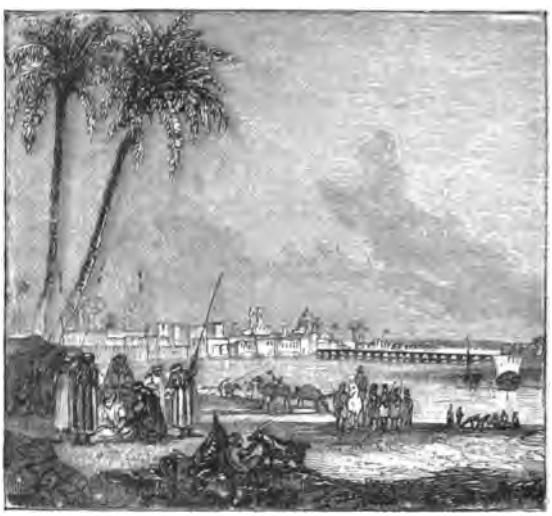
BEDOUINS.

wall of cloth on each side, with a passage between, down which the ladies, completely covered with wrappers, groped their way like blind people to the shore, their husbands moving on by their sides, still holding up the outstretched cloths, and thus conveying their treasures to land unseen by profane eyes!

After a few days' stay at Bassorah, a second-rate town, hot and unhealthy in summer, our traveller pursued her way up the stream towards Bagdad. On the banks of the Tigris large tribes of Bedouins were frequently seen. Some of these tribes had closely-covered tents; others had merely a straw mat, a cloth, or some skins stretched on a pair of poles, scarcely protecting the heads of those that lay under them from the burning rays of the sun. The men are wild in appearance, and their only clothing is a mantle. The colour of the skin is a dark brown, and the face is slightly tattooed.

Passing the ruins of Ctesiphon and Seleucia on opposite banks of the Tigris, the cupolas and minarets, the palaces, gateways, and fortified works of the ancient city of Bagdad, the seat of the Caliphs, the city of the good Haroun-al-Raschid, the hero of a thousand tales, came in sight. It stands mostly on the eastern side of the Tigris, and although presenting quite a romantic appearance from a distance, has a miserable look when more closely inspected. The fine buildings erected during the greatness of Bagdad have now wholly disappeared, and are only recalled to the memory of the traveller by seeing here and there, upon old houses, traces of carving and gilding, and fading specimens of arabesque work. The houses are prettier inside than out. The rooms are large and lofty, but not so magnificently furnished as those of Damascus. The people pass their mornings in the ordinary rooms; during the heat of the

day they remain in cool under-ground rooms; and they spend their evenings on the flat roofs of their houses, where they receive visits, drink tea, and gossip, until night. The ladies of Bagdad are in many instances remarkably beautiful. They paint



BAGDAD.

their eyebrows, and dye their eyelids, and sometimes their hair.

Madame Pfeiffer was invited to visit the tent of a Persian prince of Bagdad, who was at the time staying in the country. She found the young nobleman seated upon a low divan in an open tent; and he offered the traveller a seat by his side. While the

German lady and the Persian prince were chatting together with the help of an interpreter, a beautiful narghilly (the name given to the long Persian pipe), its bowl shining with light blue enamel on gold, and ornamented with pearls, turquoises, and precious stones, was brought in and set before the lady, who for politeness' sake took a few social puffs of it. The Persians do not, as a rule, drink wine; but, in honour of the occasion, the prince ordered a bottle to be brought, poured out a glass for the stranger, and drank two himself—one to Madame Pfeiffer's health, and one to his own.

Setting out to seek the place where Babylon stood, Madame Pfeiffer reached the town of Hillah, which is supposed by the most distinguished explorers to occupy the site of that once famous city. Four miles from Hillah are the ruins of Mujellibe, erroneously supposed to be the Tower of Babel. Other ruins in this memorable locality have so fallen into decay, that even those most skilled in antiquities can make little or nothing of them as yet.

The dangerous journey north from Bagdad to Mosul on the Tigris was then undertaken, and it was found necessary, for the sake of safety, to join a caravan or company of travellers going to that town. On the road Madame Pfeiffer beheld a plant—the wild fennel—which she had often seen in her own country. Memories of home came back thick and fast as she gazed upon the simple yellow-flowered

plant. Tears came into her eyes as she looked at it, and she bent over it and kissed it as she would have done a dear friend.

MUJELLIBE.

Arrived at Mosul, the traveller visited the site of Nineveh, the capital of the once great Assyrian Empire, situated on the opposite side of the Tigris from the town at which she was staying. According to the ancient writer Strabo, the city of Nineveh was the largest in the world—considerably

larger than the great city of Babylon. It is said to have been more than sixty miles in circumference, to have had a wall one hundred feet high, and to have been defended by fifteen hundred towers. The whole is now covered with earth, and the long mounds extending over the vast plain on the left bank of the Tigris are known to cover its remains. Extensive excavations have been made here, and most interesting remains, many of which are now in the British Museum, London, have been brought to light. Houses were cleared, the walls of which were covered with marble slabs, carved in relief. These represented kings with crowns and jewels, deities with large wings, warriors with arms and shields, the storming of fortifications, hunting parties, &c. Jars, bronzes, glass bottles, carved ornaments in ivory and mother-of-pearl, engraved gems, bells, ear-rings, arms, &c., of excellent workmanship, have been found. The inscriptions on the vases, &c., prove that the city of Nineveh was great and prosperous thirteen hundred years before Christ. Its destruction took place 625 B.C.

CHAPTER XIII.

PERSIA.

ON the 9th July Madame Pfeiffer left Mosul, and commenced her journey to Tabriz. She sojourned for a few days at Ravanduz, and also at Sauh-Bulak. After leaving the latter place and travelling through a most dangerous track of country infested with robbers, she came up, much to her satisfaction, with a large caravan guarded by half a dozen well-armed peasants; and after some hours of travel, the whole train reached Lake Urumeyah in safety. This lake is eighty miles long, and twenty-five miles in average breadth, and may be said to be another Dead Sea; for its water is so densely impregnated with saline particles that no fish or mollusca can live in it, and so heavy that it is never much ruffled even by the strongest winds. The town of Urumeyah was reached on the same day.

This place resembles the general run of Turkish towns; but its streets are broad, and are kept clean.

On the 4th of August our traveller entered the important Persian town of Tabriz, capital of the

ARAB CARAVAN.

province of Azerbijan. This town is said to be handsomer than either Teheran or Ispahan, contains 160,000 inhabitants, possesses many silk looms and leather manufactories, and has tolerably broad and clean streets, with under-ground canals from which water is obtained. The houses do not differ essentially from those of other Eastern towns.

Shortly after her arrival, our traveller was presented to the viceroy, who was then staying at one of his summer houses. She was first conducted into the presence of the viceroy's wife. This royal lady was only fifteen years of age, and she was found sitting in a small comfortable-looking room, the walls of which were almost wholly occupied by windows. She was gorgeously dressed, and adorned with jewellery, consisting of precious stones and of pearls of great purity and unusual size. As no interpreter was allowed to come in, communications were made between the two ladies mostly by signs, and after a very stupid interview, neither lady knowing what the other meant to be at, Madame Pfeiffer was conducted into the presence of the viceroy. This young ruler, only seventeen years of age, wore a richly-ornamented European dress, surmounted by a Persian fur cap nearly a yard high. His face was in keeping with the character which our traveller had heard was peculiar to him. His expression was neither intellectual nor amiable. He never looked the person to whom he talked straight in the face, and his glance was savage and repulsive.

When the viceroy rides out, he is preceded by several hundred soldiers, and these are followed by servants who carry large sticks, and call out to the people to bow before the ruler. The prince, who alone is mounted, all the others being on foot, is surrounded by military officers and servants, and the procession closes, as it begins, with a company of soldiers.

One of the principal and most accomplished women in Tabriz was named Haggi-Chefa-Hanoum. The court-yard of her house looked like a garden, and her gardens were magnificent compared with those of Bagdad. The reception-room was spacious and lofty, and adorned with gilding, and richly carpeted, according to Persian fashion. A brisk conversation arose between the German lady, who sat on a chair, and the painted but beautiful Persian ladies, who reclined on the thick carpets or rugs with which the floor was strewn. Afterwards a costly lunch, consisting of delicious fruits, sweetmeats, and sherbet, was presented.

The men of the humbler classes in Tabriz are of a deeply sunburnt complexion; but among the upper classes white is the prevailing colour of the skin. The people are tall and powerful, their features strongly marked—especially the nose—and their look is rather wild. The better dressed men wear out-of-doors a very long mantle of dark cloth with slashed sleeves, which reach to the ground, a shawl or girdle bound around the waist, and a black fur cap more

TABRIZ

than a foot high. The women of the labouring classes do not appear to have much to do, the heavy work being done by the men.

Here, as throughout the whole of Persia, the Jews, the semi-Mohammedans, and the Christians are intensely hated. Three months before Madame Pfeiffer's visit, the Jews and Christians in this quarter were in great danger. The Persians assembled in mobs, marched through the quarters in which these people dwelt, plundered and destroyed the houses, threatened the whole of the inhabitants with death, and committed a number of murders. The carnage, however, was fortunately checked at the commencement by the bravery and determination of the governor of the town, who, as soon as he heard of the riots, rushed out into the midst of the crowd, and succeeded, by means of a powerful speech, in dispersing the people.

CHAPTER XIV.

RUSSIA.

ON the 11th August Madame Pfeiffer, accompanied by a servant, set out from Tabriz to cross over into Russia. She now felt full of hope and confidence regarding her undertaking; but in no region through which she travelled did she meet with so much incivility and annoyance as she did while exploring a part of the Russian Empire. Among the planters of Brazil, among the kindly half-naked savages of Polynesia, among the mild heathens of Hindustan, even among the plundering Bedouins of Arabia, our traveller had been received with hospitality and treated with consideration; but in Russia she was barbarously used, and although paying liberally for everything, she was either constantly cheated or obliged to put up with the grossest incivility and harshness. One reason for this may have been, that, owing to the political disturbances which had recently taken place, the Russian Government had strictly prohibited the entrance of foreigners into the empire. But though permission was granted to Madame Pfeiffer to travel

within the Russian borders, on the ground of her sex and age, the people with whom she came in contact seemed to feel that as Government looked unfavourably on all foreigners, they could not go far wrong in doing the same.

The annoyances which she experienced in travelling in Russia induced our traveller to alter her original plan (which was, to pass northward through the middle of the empire to Moscow and St. Petersburg), and to spend as little time as possible in the country.

Leaving Tabriz for the village of Sophia, the road lay through valleys which were for the most part barren and uninhabited. On arriving, she dismounted after being six hours in the saddle. The people at this station endeavoured to persuade her to go no further that night. They pointed to the sun, which by this time was wearing toward the west, and they urged that robbery, or even murder, at the hands of the ruffians that infested the roads, might be the result of going on that day to the next station. But it was as difficult to damp this lady's spirits by gloomy forebodings as to reduce her bodily strength by fatigue. Learning that the next station could be reached in four hours, she ordered her servant to saddle fresh horses, and renewed her journey.

Immediately after leaving Sophia, the lady and her servant entered barren, rocky valleys, said to be very dangerous, especially at night. But as the sun was then shining in full splendour, Madame Pfeiffer

urged on her horse, and amused herself as she jogged along by contemplating the beautiful colours and the picturesque grouping of the rocks. Some of these were of a glittering pale green; others were covered with a whitish half-transparent substance; and some terminated in oddly formed angles, and from the distance looked like beautiful groups of trees.

It was eight o'clock at night when Marand, the station at which she meant to stop, was reached; but though the hour was late, no mishap had occurred, and neither the neck nor the portmanteau of the wayfarer had suffered any violence.

Marand stands within the Persian frontier, and is one of the handsomest towns in the country. Its streets are broad and clean; its houses are kept in good repair; and its squares, within which pleasant springs well forth, are surrounded with trees. Arrived at this station, our traveller found that she and the post-horses would be obliged to share the court-yard between them for the night; and, after having a roasted egg for supper, she reconciled herself to her position, and enjoyed the court-yard in peace with her four-footed friends.

Starting next morning, the road lay along the course of a brook winding among barren valleys and ravines, and after riding for eleven hours the lady found herself at the station of Arax, within the Russian frontier. Arax is picturesquely situated in a valley girt about with mountains, of which the dimly-seen head of Mount Ararat, whereon the ark

rested after the Flood, rises in the distance to the height of 16,000 feet. Next morning Madame Pfeiffer moved onward to the town of Natschivan. Under no circumstances had she found more trouble in finding shelter than at this station. She had a letter to a German physician in the town, but owing to her inability to speak the native language she was unable to find him out. She was taken to the custom-house, and the inspector's wife and sister watched her unlocking her portmanteau. As soon as it was opened, three pair of hands dived into it. They pulled out her papers, and a number of dried flowers, coins, and other relics from Nineveh; while caps and ribbons were eagerly lifted up and reluctantly laid down, for these ladies were evidently envious of the little bits of finery.

After the portmanteau had been sufficiently examined, a small common box, containing some fragments of brick from Babylon and a carving from Nineveh, was brought forward. The custom-house people were about to break open the box with a heavy axe, when Madame Pfeiffer, fearing that her relics would be damaged, actively interfered, and compelled them to proceed cautiously. When the fragments of brick and the carving were at last seen to be the only treasures the box contained, the faces of the women and the customs-officer looked delightfully foolish.

Armenian writers say that this town of Natschivan was founded by Noah, and a monument to

this ancient patriarch is still to be seen. It consists of a small arched chamber, without a cupola.

Joining a company of Tartars, whose caravan was going to Tiflis, Madame Pfeiffer set out with them on the 17th August. The progress of the party was not rapid, and during our traveller's connection with it an unfortunate and annoying incident occurred. The caravan had encamped in the neighbourhood of the station Sidin, about fifty paces from the side of the post-road. The lady walked down to this road, and was about to return, when she heard the galloping of horses. She paused to look at the travellers, and noticed a Russian sitting in a car, and a Cossack with a musket in his hand sitting beside him. The car passed, and Madame Pfeiffer turned to retrace her way to the Tartar camp, when she became aware, from the cessation of sound, that the vehicle she had been looking at had stopped. She had little more than come to this conclusion when she found herself seized forcibly by her arms. It was the Cossack who was holding her, and he endeavoured to drag her along with him. The lady struggled, pointed to the caravan, and explained that she belonged to it. But all to no purpose. The rough Cossack, placing his hand on our traveller's mouth, lifted and threw her into the car, where she was tightly held down and her mouth covered by the Russian, who seemed to be an officer in the Government service. The Cossack then urged the horses to their greatest speed. All this was

managed so cleverly, and with such rapidity, that the poor lady found herself in a minute or two so far from the caravan that the people belonging to it could no longer have heard her cries. Fortunately she was not frightened, and her courage and common sense came to her aid. She at once surmised that she was looked upon with suspicion by the Government authorities. And she was right. The Russian and his Cossack attendant had taken her for a dangerous political agent, and as political disquiet was at that time affecting the whole of Europe, they considered that in securing her they had made an important capture. In vain she mentioned the country of which she was a native, and stated her name, what was her object in travelling, &c.,—she must be confined till her luggage could be sent for to her caravan, and her papers examined. Arrived at the post-house, her captors placed her in an unfurnished room—the Cossack remaining at the door with musket in hand as guard. Here the lady, worn out with fatigue and excitement, was obliged to pass the night, lying, without wrapper or mantle of any kind, upon a wooden bench. She was cold, hungry, and thirsty; but she was denied a coverlet and a crust of bread. And when she rose from her bench, to seek such poor relief as she might find in a walk up and down the room, the Cossack rushed forward in intense excitement, and led her back to it, telling her that she must remain there quietly.

Her luggage having arrived in the morning, her passport was examined, and she was set at liberty. Instead of apologizing for their mistake, the Russian officer and the Cossack laughed at the unfortunate lady; and when she stood alone and unprotected in the court, ready to depart to rejoin her caravan, they pointed at her with their fingers, and led the general laugh that was directed against her.

Returning to her caravan on the 22nd of August, Madame Pfeiffer was received with cordiality, and recommenced her travels at once. Two days afterwards the party reached Eriwan, the fortified capital of Russian Armenia, built upon low hills, in a large plain, surrounded by mountains. Here the European style of houses begins to predominate, but the town is neither very clean nor very handsome. The bazaars afforded entertainment for our traveller, from the circumstance that they were crowded with Tartars, Cossacks, Circassians, Georgians, Mingrelians, Armenians, &c., all powerful, handsome people, with fine expressive features—especially the Tartars and Circassians—and all clad in their strange national costumes. The features of the Russians and Cossacks were stupid and coarse; and their conduct, so far as our traveller had opportunities of observing it, corresponded with their appearance. Indeed, the rudeness of these frontier peoples of Russia impressed Madame Pfeiffer so unfavourably, after the mildness and courtesy of the Asiatics, that she resolved to get over the tract of Russian territory

which she meant to traverse as quickly as possible. In order to accomplish this, she resolved to travel the remainder of her way through Russia by the Russian post. In this resolve she exhibited that courage for which she had shown herself all along conspicuous; for the horrors of this conveyance are such that a dust-cart is a luxurious carriage compared to it. The Russian post-car is a very short open vehicle, with four wheels, and without springs. It contains a small chest, upon which the driver sits; and any passenger that may be bold enough to select this as a means of travelling, sits on the floor. The roads are frightfully rough, and the carriage, jolting terribly, is driven along at a great pace. At every jolt the traveller is in danger of being thrown out, and there is nothing to take hold of to steady oneself by. Three horses are yoked to the car, and over the middle one a wooden arch is fixed, on which hang two or three bells; which, as the machine rattles and leaps over the stones and through the ruts, make a jangling inharmonious noise. This, with the shouting and yelling of the driver, and the rattling of the car, forms anything but a pleasant musical accompaniment to the journey.

After travelling for two or three days in this disagreeable manner, and through a tract of country not very interesting or beautiful, some variety was imparted to the scene by the sight of several nomadic parties of travellers, which were met on the road. Oxen and horses carried the people, with their tents

and household utensils; and the flocks and herds, which are always numerous, were driven along by the side of the cavalcade. The dress of the Tartar women was of a rich material, but was usually very ragged. It consisted almost entirely of deep red silk, often embroidered with gold. They wore wide trousers and kaftans, and hats shaped like bee-hives, made of the bark of trees, painted red and ornamented with tinsel, coral, and small coins. From the breast to the waist their dress was also covered with small ornaments. Their baggage consisted of tents, handsome rugs, iron pots, &c. These Tartars are mostly of the Mohammedan religion. The houses which form their villages, when they settle in any locality, are of very peculiar construction—being exactly like enormous mole-hills. Their villages are generally placed on slopes and hill-sides. In these they dig holes big enough to form what may be called spacious rooms—but they are lighted only from the door-way. These door-ways, unlike ours, are wider than they are high, and are protected by a roof of planks resting upon beams or stems of trees. It is a strange sight to behold villages without doors, windows, or walls, and showing nothing but wide holes which lead into the caves in the hill-side. The Tartars who inhabit the plains build huts of stone or wood, then throw earth over them, stamping it down firmly, so that only mounds of earth, and not the dwellings themselves, are visible.

THE RUSSIAN POST MEETING A HORDE OF TARTARS.

After a few days' travel by post, Madame Pfeiffer came in sight of the town of Tiflis, formerly the capital of Georgia, now the chief town of the Russian district of the Caucasus, situated at the southern base of the mountain range of that name, on the great river Kur. Its houses are large, tastefully ornamented with façades and columns, and roofed either with sheet-iron or bricks. It contains the palace of the governor, and many other conspicuous buildings. Eriwanski Square is very handsome. The churches are inferior to the other public buildings: their towers are low, round, and generally covered with green glazed tiles. There are many baths here, as the town contains numerous hot springs. The buildings with which the springs are enclosed are surmounted by small cupola windows. In the streets, European and Asiatic costumes appear so frequently together, that neither attracts much attention. The greatest novelty to our traveller was the Circassian costume. It consists of wide trousers, short coat, full of folds, with narrow sash and breast-pockets, tight half-boots, and close-fitting cap. The Circassians are remarkable among all other Caucasian people for their beauty. The men are tall, have very regular features, and walk and gesticulate with great ease and grace. The women are delicate in figure; their skin is white, their hair dark, and their features unusually regular.

Receiving her passport for further travel in Euro-

pean Russia, Madame Pfeiffer had recourse once more to the post-carriage, and travelled until evening. To go any further that day was not to be thought of, as the country, not only here but all around, is so unsafe that it is impossible to travel securely by night without the protection of Cossacks, a company of whom is placed at each station.

By this time our traveller had reached attractive scenery, and on each succeeding day the scenes through which she passed became more and more romantic. In one valley surrounded by lofty mountains, the scenery was exceedingly beautiful. Climbing plants, wild hops, and vines twined round the trees to their topmost branches; and the underwood grew with a luxuriance which recalled to the lady's mind the vegetation of Brazil.

On the 9th September, Kutais was reached. This town stands in the centre of a natural park. The houses are neat and ornamental, and all around the vegetation is luxuriant. On the 13th, Redout Kalé, the port of Tiflis, was stopped at. This is a flourishing town on the Black Sea; but around it stretches an unhealthy tract of country. The hills and mountains, as well as the great valleys which lie between, are covered with dense forests. Rain falls frequently, and the climate is very damp. The inhabitants seldom reach the age of sixty; and strangers, as a rule, are cut off after a short period of residence. Yet much could be done to improve the climate of this region, by cut-

ting down the timber, draining the land, and extending the area of cultivation, which at present is narrow compared with the extent of uncultivated ground. During our traveller's stay at this place a vessel sailed from the port, and the religious ceremonies which were gone through before it could be allowed to depart were very entertaining. Priests were brought on board, and were obliged to go over the whole vessel, blessing every nook and cranny by itself, and every sail separately. The whole ridiculous observance was brought to an end by the priests blessing the sailors, who laughed at them for their pains. Our traveller found that there was always least real religion in those places where there was most parade made of it; and at Redout Kalé the state of morality was low indeed. The character of the people was of the worst kind. The men were thieves, and often murderers.

Steamers leave Redout Kalé for Kertch at stated intervals, and as they are chiefly engaged in conveying military *materiel* of all kinds, they "hug the shore," and stop at all the fortresses. When Madame Pfeiffer travelled in these southern regions of the Russian Empire, the steamers carried passengers free; but no better accommodation was provided for them than a place on deck. Our traveller secured a place on one of these steamers, and set sail on the 17th September. The view of the lofty Caucasus, the picturesque hills and headlands of the coast, and the rich and luxuriant vales that intervened, was

extremely pleasing. But the pleasure of the voyage was of short duration. The fine weather with which it commenced was succeeded by wind and rain, and the frightful plague of cholera afterwards attacked the ship.

After a voyage of six days the steamer arrived at Kertch, in the Crimea. This town, with the solitary hill of Mithridates rising behind it, extends along the shore in the form of a semicircle. The appearance of the houses is greatly enhanced by the pillars and balconies with which they are furnished. The streets are broad, and there are side pavements for foot-passengers. The common people seemed to our traveller extraordinarily vulgar and rude: among them she heard nothing but abuse, shouting, and cursing. In the streets she was astonished to see dromedaries yoked to loaded carts. She visited the catacombs, and examined with interest the remains of statues, *bassi-relievi*, and sarcophagi, which they then contained. This valuable collection of antiquities was ruthlessly plundered by the soldiery during the Crimean War, when the town was taken by the Allies in May 1855. Only a few people were to be seen in the Russian dress. This consists, both for men and women, of long wide blue cloth coats; but the men wear low felt hats with broad brims, while the women bind small silk kerchiefs round their heads.

Heartily anxious to turn her back upon the Russian frontier, Madame Pfeiffer set out on her

voyage to Odessa without delay. Starting on the 27th September, the steamer passed Caffa or Feodosia, and anchored before the village of Jalta on the following day. As it was arranged that the vessel should remain here for twenty-four hours, Madame Pfeiffer resolved to occupy part of the time in visiting the castle of Prince Woronzoff in the neighbourhood. The road to this noble edifice, situated at about two miles' distance from Jalta, leads through the most pleasant scenery, adorned with the mansions of rich Russian nobles surrounded by plantations and gardens. Prince Woronzoff's castle is a Gothic structure, and its outline is picturesquely broken by towers, pinnacles, and buttresses. The principal entrance is from the sea-shore. The door is approached by a magnificent flight of steps, at the top of which crouch the figures of two lions in Carrara marble. The interior arrangements of this princely dwelling suggested the glories of the "Arabian Nights" to our traveller. Vast sums of money have been lavished in the decoration of the apartments. Besides the rooms furnished in the European fashion, there are others in the Turkish, Persian, and Chinese styles; and there is a covered garden-saloon which contains not only the finest and rarest hot-house flowers, but also the tallest trees of tropical climates. Here the palm threw up its lofty crown of leaves, climbing plants made flowery festoons upon the walls, strange exotics transplanted from their native soils in the south spread out their richly

painted flowers; and as our traveller reclined on cushioned divans, half hidden among the leaves, she was refreshed with odours as delightful as she had ever breathed in the virgin-forests of Brazil, or in the rose-gardens of Persia.

When Madame Pfeiffer returned to the shore, with the intention of going aboard at once, she found that she could not have her intention carried out. Three Russian nobles had come ashore with her, and had gone to a tavern. They had not yet finished their carouse, and it was only after the lady had been kept waiting for two hours that they saw fit to make their appearance. One of them, an officer belonging to the steamer, was so intoxicated that he could not stand, and had to be dragged down to the boat by his two companions. Some palliation might possibly be found for such conduct, but there can be none for what followed. The hire of the boat which was to take the party on board the steamer was twenty kopeks (about eightpence) each. The gentlemen knew that Madame Pfeiffer did not speak Russian, but they were not aware that she knew quite enough of the language to understand what they said on this occasion. One of them said he had not sufficient change with him, but that he would get the woman to pay. Then turning to the lady, he said in French, "The share that you have to pay is twenty silver kopeks." No wonder our traveller, from her experience of them, did not like the Russians.

On the 29th September the steamer lay before the famous harbour and seaport of Sebastopol. The harbour—one of the finest in the world—is almost entirely surrounded by hills. It can hold the largest fleets, and is so deep that the most gigantic man-of-war can lie at anchor close under its batteries and beside its quays. At the time of Madame Pfeiffer's visit this seaport had a fortress and barracks large enough to accommodate 30,000 men; but the town was destroyed in September 1855, during the Crimean war, by the allied French, English, and Turks; and the docks and forts (which, by the provisions of the Treaty of Paris, March 1856, are not to be restored, were blown up. Since its destruction, the town has been partially rebuilt and repeopled.

Next day Odessa was reached. The town looks well from the sea, as it stands high and many of its large and fine buildings can be seen at one glance. The country in the vicinity is flat and barren, but the appearance of the town itself is enlivened by numerous gardens and avenues. The favourite walk of the inhabitants is the Promenade, which leads along the face of the cliff, and descends to the shore by a broad stone stair of 204 steps. On this Promenade stands the life-size statue of the Duke de Richelieu, who was long governor of the town, and to whom it owes its prosperity. There are also numerous handsome mansions and palaces in Odessa, though the town was considerably injured during the Crimean war. The British

steamer *Furious*, which had been sent to Odessa for the purpose of bringing away the British Consul, was fired upon, while under a flag of truce, by the batteries of the city. An explanation of this dishonourable conduct, which the admirals in command of the fleet demanded, being refused, twelve war steamers invested the town, and in a few hours destroyed the fortifications, and blew up the powder magazine.

On the 2nd of October Madame Pfeiffer embarked in a vessel bound for Constantinople.

CHAPTER XV.

TO CONSTANTINOPLE, ATHENS, AND HOME.

THE voyage from Odessa to Constantinople was not marked by any event of importance. Passing through the Bosporus, the Golden Horn, the harbour of Constantinople, is seen on the right, and afterwards the capital itself; its mosques, palaces, minarets, and towers glittering in the sunshine, with cool gardens and cyprus-groves between. Having described Constantinople in her "Travels in the Holy Land," Madame Pfeiffer has nothing to say about this city in her "Journey Round the World;" and indeed she stayed no time in the Turkish capital, as she was anxious to return to Austria with all speed.

Our traveller had intended to remain in Athens for eight days, but she no sooner arrived at the famous city than she was informed of the revolution that had just taken place in Vienna—for this was a year of revolution over the whole of Europe; she therefore resolved to leave Greece as soon as possible, that she might learn the fate of her friends. As, however, the time for the sailing of the steamer

had not arrived, she resolved to employ herself agreeably; so she hired a cicerone to show her all the objects of interest in the town.

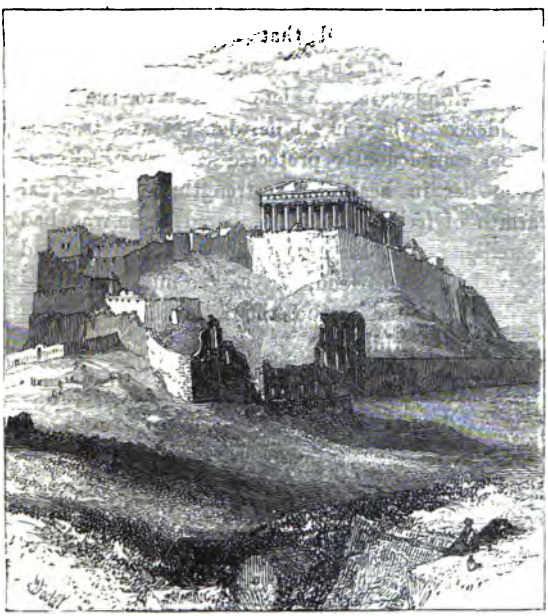
Athens is said to have been founded 1550 years B.C.; but the ancient Greeks themselves doubted this tradition. The original town stood upon a rock in the centre of a plain, which was afterwards covered with buildings. This rock, called the Acropolis, crowned the magnificent prospect, and upon it were crowded the most famous edifices of the ancient city. Chief of these was the Parthenon, or Temple of Minerva—an imposing pile, which, though now only its ruins remain, is still considered one of the world's wonders. Here stood the statue of Minerva by Phidias. This masterly work was executed in gold and ivory; its height was 46 feet, and it is said to have weighed more than 2000 lbs. The Parthenon was destroyed by the Persians, but was restored with greater beauty by Pericles 440 B.C.

Beyond the Acropolis stood the temples of Theseus and of Jupiter Olympus. All the temples and the numerous statues were of pure white marble. Near the Areopagus, Madame Pfeiffer saw the Pnyx, or place where the free people of Athens used to meet in council. Of this nothing remains but the rostrum, hewn in the rock, and the seat of the scribe. What feelings must have agitated her mind, when she remembered the men who once stood there and spoke from that spot!

The modern Greek, or rather Albanian costume

CONSTANTINOPLE.

is one of the handsomest that is worn. The men wear full frocks or kilts of white stuff, which reach from the waist to the knees; buskins from the knees to the feet; and shoes, generally of red leather. A



ATHENS.

silk shirt is worn; over this a close-fitting vest of coloured silk without arms; and over this a spencer of coloured cloth, the sleeves of which are slit up. Cords, tassels, spangles, and buttons of gold, silver,

and silk are used as ornaments; and a fez with a blue tassel forms the head-dress.

Our traveller left Athens on the 24th October, on the 29th she saw the low hill-country of Dalmatia, and in two days more she reached HOME. And when she found that all her friends and relatives were safe, she returned thanks, as she says in her simple German language, "to the good Providence" which in all her dangers and troubles had so conspicuously protected her, and had preserved her in health and strength. With equal warmth of feeling she remembered those who had treated her with kindness—the strangers who had received her as a friend, and had so much smoothed the difficulties and lessened the trials of her "Journey Round the World."

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